POEMS

ON

SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

11630 bbb37

By the REVEREND

Mr. *THOMAS WARTON*,

BATCHELOR of DIVINITY,

Late Vicar of *Baſing ſtoke* in *Hampſhire*, and ſometime Profeſſor of Poetry in the Univerſity of *Oxford*.

Nec luſiſſe pudet. HOR.

LONDON:

Printed for R. MANBY and H. S. Cox, on *Ludgate-Hill*. M.DCC.XLVIII.

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TO THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE

FULWAR CRAVEN,

Lord CRAVEN, *Baron of* HAMPSTEAD MARSHALL.

My LORD,

I BEG Leave to put the following POEMS under the Protection of your Lordſhip; as the Perſon for whom the deceaſed Author had the juſteſt Veneration and Reſpect; and to whom He himſelf would have choſen to inſcribe his Writings as a Memorial of the Friendſhip with which your Lordſhip condeſcended to honour Him. He often reflected with Pleaſure on the unſhaken In-

tegrity and unbiaſs'd Patriotiſm of your Lordſhip; who with a matchleſs Singularity has maintain'd the glorious Independence of a Truly *Britiſh* Nobleman, in an Age of univerſal Venality and Corruption. Nor was He leſs charm'd with the ſtrict Juſtice, and Oeconomy, that Conſtancy in Friendſhip, and that Affability and Benevolence which adorn your Lordſhip's private Life.

That you may long continue an Ornament and Support to your Country which wants your Example, is the moſt ſincere Wiſh of,

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Your LORDSHIP's

Moſt Obliged,

and Moſt

Obedient Servant,

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POEMS
ON
SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

An EPISTLE *to Dr.* YOUNG, *upon his Poem on the* Laſt Day.

NOW let the *Atheiſt* tremble; Thou alone
Canſt bid his conſcious Heart the *Godhead* own.
Whom ſhalt Thou not reform? O thou haſt ſeen,
How God deſcends to judge the Souls of Men.
Thou heard'ſt the Sentence how the Guilty mourn,
Driv'n out from GOD, and never muſt return!

Yet more, behold ten thouſand Thunders fall,
And ſudden Vengeance wrap the flaming Ball:
When Nature ſunk, when ev'ry Bolt was hurl'd,
Thou ſaw'ſt the boundleſs Ruins of the World.

When guilty *Sodom* felt the burning Rain,
And Sulphur fell on the devoted Plain;
The *Patriarch* thus the fiery Tempeſt paſt,
With pious Horror view'd the deſert Waſte;
The reſtleſs Smoke ſtill wav'd its Curls around,
For ever riſing from the glowing Ground.

But tell me, Oh! what heav'nly Pleaſure tell,
To think ſo greatly, and deſcribe ſo well!

How

How waſt thou pleas'd the wond'rous Theme to try,
And find the Thought of Man could riſe ſo high?
Beyond this World the Labour to purſue,
And open all Eternity to View?

But thou art beſt delighted to rehearſe
Heav'n's holy Dictates in exalted Verſe:
O thou haſt Pow'r the harden'd Heart to warm,
To grieve, to raiſe, to terrify, to charm;
To fix the Soul on GOD; to teach the Mind
To know the Dignity of Human-kind;
By ſtricter Rules well-govern'd Life to ſcan,
And practiſe o'er the Angel in the Man.

An EPISTLE *to Dr.* GUIBBONS, *a celebrated Phyſician.*

TO trace all-wondrous Nature's latent Ways,
To meet her Author in each various Maze,
To eaſe, to chear, to ſtrengthen, to reſtore,
For this GOD granted firſt the Healing Pow'r;
Important Truſt! to Thee ſecurely giv'n,
Preſerving Man as Delegate of Heav'n.

There are ~~[illegible]~~ but all their Actions how unbleſt!
Who deaf to Truth on Second Cauſes reſt;
And boldly careleſs of their Maker's Will,
Attempt, impoveriſh, boaſt, inſure, and kill;
Not ſo haſt Thou deny'd Almighty Power,
But verſt in Knowledge own'ſt a GOD the more;

Hence is thy Patient fearleſs of the Grave,
For Learning and Devotion join to ſave:

O *Guibbons!* from whoſe Preſence Death retreats,
And on whoſe Dictates Health obſequious waits,
How art thou pleas'd, thro' every crowded Street,
The living Proofs of pious Care to meet;
Old Age forgetting its Decays to view,
And Youth improv'd in all its Bloom by You.

Thy Skill would make us on this World be fixt,
But that thy Life reminds us of the next:
Happy, yet looſe to all Engagements here,
Reſign'd to God, religiouſly ſevere!
Induſtrious ev'n the meaneſt to regard,
Like Guardian Angels kind without Reward.

Garth vainly ſtrove to blaſt thy riſing Fame,
Which greater * *Dryden* conſecrates to Fame;
Regardleſs Thou of either Muſe's Lays,
Nor ſtung with Scorn, nor ſtudious Thou of Praiſe.

Yet deign to hear the Wiſhes that I bring,
Unus'd to flatter, and unſkill'd to ſing,
O live! thou public Bleſſing to Mankind,
In Thee may *Galen*'s Art and Age be join'd;
Late may thy Buſt ſome hallow'd Dome adorn,
And thine own *Oxford* late her Patron mourn.

'Tis juſt that He who bids us ſtay below,
Should be Himſelf detain'd amidſt Us too.

* In his Tranſlation of *Perſius*, and other Parts of his Works.

MAMMON's *PLEA:*
A TALE.

—— Melius furto cunctatur & hærens
Uſque alium ex alio ſpectando prævidet ictum
Sæpe illum ex longo——
Vidæ Hieronymi Scacchia Ludus.

MANY ſeeming weak Acts by Contrivance are done,
Thus at firſt the Field's left that the Day may be won.

Old *Turenne*, to diſorder the Foe would turn Tail,
Make a Feint, ſuffer Loſs, face about, and prevail.

So *Hermes* at Cheſs (ſays a * Prelate of Fame)
Thought the loſing a Man would be getting a Game.

But to come to the Point. Old Parables tell
A remarkable Inſtance that happen'd in Hell:

* *Vida.*

Grim *Satan* one Night us'd his Spirits like Slaves,
On Pretence that in *England* they ſerv'd him by Halves:

" Where's *Mammon?* I order you out from the Reſt,
" Go, tempt and ſecure old Sir *John* of the Weſt:
" You have known better Things than beguiling in vain,
" So without Him ne'er think of returning again."

Well, away went the Fiend, and nine Days he was gone,
Then came back to his Maſter; —— but not with Sir *John:*

Satan, mad as he was but to think himſelf ſhamm'd,
Roar'd, redden'd, ſpoke broken, ſhook, ſweated, and damn'd.

Poor *Mammon* ſtood up to be heard in his Place,
And thus in plain Terms repreſented the Caſe:
" Let it never be ſaid that you'll hear but one Side,
" Crimes ſuſpected are Crimes till the Criminal's
" try'd;
" I have ſtay'd, and have let your Knight go; but
" the Fact is,
" A Parſon ſecur'd both his Faith and his Practice:
" Yet the Int'reſt of all our good Friends here below
" Is as well carry'd on, as the Sequel may ſhow.
" When Sir *John* would not yield, his Attention to
" draw,
" I appear'd like an honeſt Attorney at Law;
" Then I multiply'd Viſits the more he grew ill,
" Till, *In Nomine Domini* I made his Will.

" It was now the right Time my whole Scheme
" to perform,
" So thus I addreſt my Teſtator in Form:

" Foraſmuch as your Lands are in Charity giv'n,
" To remain ſo while you are rewarded in Heav'n,

" Be this your chief Care, that the Poor be ne'er
" cheated,
" Lord! by how many Ways good Deſigns are de-
" feated!

" 'Tis a Comfort to me in this reprobate Age,
" To ſee Piety thus your Affection engage!

" Now Sir *John* I act always you know undiſguis'd,
" Only beg you in Matters of Law be advis'd,

" The

" The Conveyance is All—Gifts are loſt by Degrees,"
" Where the Donors deviſe their Eſtates to Fe'ffees;
" Single Men may forget their own Deaths to ſupply,
" But a legal Town-Corporate never can die;
" Corporations are Guardians, Truſtees, and Directors,"
" Of Funds, and of Schools, and Alms-houſes, and
" Lectures:
" Now whereas you have ſpecify'd theſe in your Will,
" Are not large Bodies beſt, large Deſigns to fulfil?"
" Should not Men of Authority manage your Lands?
" 'Tis a Credit to leave one's Affairs in ſuch Hands;
" Let your Gifts be on Magiſtrates ſettled in Truſt,
" Thoſe that puniſh Injuſtice can ne'er be unjuſt:
" Their own Shops will be all Magazines for your
" Poor,
" Trade and Charity Both may be further'd the more.

" Chuſe

" Chuſe a Town then whoſe Juſtices yearly are
" ſworn;
" What d'ye think of the Place where your Honour
" was born?
" He approv'd, ſign'd, and dy'd"——Here the Mo-
narch of Hell
Grinn'd a ghaſtly, broad Smile, and ſwore——" 'Tis
" all well——
" For inſtead of one Knight, to our Share now will
" fall,
" May'r, Aldermen, Burgeſſes, Town-clerk, and All."

RE-

RETIREMENT:

An ODE.

I.

ON Beds of Daiſies idly laid,
The Willow waving o'er my Head,
Now Morning on the bending Stem,
Hangs the round, and glittering Gem,
Lull'd by the Lapſe of yonder Spring,
Of Nature's various Charms I ſing:
Ambition, Pride, and Pomp adieu!
For what has *Joy* to do with You?

II.

Joy, roſe-lipt Dryad loves to dwell
In ſunny Field, or moſſy Cell,

Delights on echoing Hills to hear
The Reaper's Song, or lowing Steer;
Or view with tenfold Plenty ſpread
The crowded Corn-field, blooming Mead;
While Beauty, Health, and Innocence,
Tranſport the Eye, the Soul, the Senſe.

III.

Not freſco'd Roofs, not Beds of State,
Not Guards that round a Monarch wait,
Not Crowds of Flatterers can ſcare
From loftieſt Courts intruding Care:
Midſt Odours, Splendors, Banquets, Wine,
While Minſtrels ſound, while Tapers ſhine,
In Sable ſtole ſad *Care* will come,
And darken the gay Drawing-room.

IV.

Nymphs of the Groves, in green array'd,
Conduct me to your thickeſt Shade,
Deep in the Boſom of the Vale,
Where haunts the loneſome Nightingale;
Where *Contemplation*, Maid divine,
Leans againſt ſome aged Pine,
Wrapt in ſtedfaſt Thought profound,
Her Eyes fixt ſtedfaſt on the Ground.

V.

O Virtue's Nurſe! retired Queen,
By Saints alone and Hermits ſeen,
Beyond vain Mortals' Wiſhes wiſe,
Teach me *St. James*'s to deſpiſe;
For what are crowded Courts, but Schools
For Fops, or Hoſpitals for Fools?

Where Slaves and Madmen, Young and Old,
Meet to adore ſome Calf of Gold.

OF THE
UNIVERSAL LOVE *of* PLEASURE.
To a FRIEND.

ALL human Race, from *China* to *Peru*,
Pleaſure, howe'er diſguis'd by Art, purſue;
In various Habits this fair Idol dreſs,
Yet ſtill adore her, ſtill her Power confeſs;
She leads pale Hermits to the moſſy Cell,
And to the Box the Fop-encircled Belle;
The Shape of Buſineſs, nay of Virtue takes,
Preſides alike o'er Aldermen and Rakes;
Admirers boaſts in every various Rank,
Sends ſome to Bagnios, others to the Bank;

Now

Now dwells in lofty Domes and trophy'd Halls,
Now near dark Woods and penſive Water-falls;
One, as ſhe prompts loves Hounds and foamy Steeds,
And lonely One, by midnight Taper reads:
Who build or plan, or dreſs with Finery ſmit,
Or rhyme and ſtarve, ſelf-ſacrific'd to Wit;
Who heap or ſcatter Gold, the Grave, the Gay,
Bend to this Monarch's univerſal Sway.
'Twas hence rough * *Charles* ruſh'd forth to ruthleſs War,
Hence rov'd to foreign Climes the Patriot-Czar;
Nor found more Bliſs to civilize Mankind,
Than *Cynthia* in her new-bought *Chintz* can find.
What home-felt Joys in *Curio*'s Boſom riſe,
Glow in his Cheeks, and ſparkle in his Eyes?

* Of *Sweden*.

Is his Wife dead? Or have his Tenants found
Large Heaps of bury'd Treaſure in his Ground?
Alas! you gueſs in vain; from *India* brought,
The Sage a curious Cockle-ſhell has bought.

'Tis ſaid, the peeviſh *Lesbia* lately ſmil'd:
What had her Sullenneſs of Soul beguil'd?
Some thought Succeſs at Hazard charm'd her Mind,
Or that her favourite Footman had been kind;
Or that her Dog or Parrot had been prais'd——
A new-invented Waſh theſe Raptures rais'd.

To different Objects different Souls incline,
One clips his Hedges; one ſeeks Whiſt and Wine;
Rurelia feeds her Hens, and daily churns;
Her Siſter ſuch unpoliſh'd Creatures ſcorns:

Her Mind is fill'd with Coaches, Cards, and Plate,
Romance, Routes, Operas, Vapours, Chocolate.

When bold *Columbus* took his vent'rous Way,
On the rough Billows of an unknown Sea,
Firſt found the curling Smoke from Hills ariſe,
And Rocks return the Sailors joyful Cries;
Felt not the Chief ſuch Raptures thrill his Soul,
As *Flavia*, when ſhe wins a doubtful *Vole*.

You, *Decius*, too, from common Frailties free,
A favourite Pleaſure feel midſt your Philoſophy:
For You, beyond the vulgar Joys of Senſe,
Enjoy unlimited Benevolence!

To a certain Voluminous Scribler.

FORBEAR the Public to abuſe,
With Treatiſe after Treatiſe;
Remember how poor *Blackmore*'s Muſe
Dy'd of a Diabetes.

AN INVOCATION TO A WATER-NYMPH.

FAIR pearl-crown'd Nymph, whoſe guſhing Torrent laves
This marble Rock with hollow-tinkling Waves;
Who wont'ſt in ſecret Solitude to dwell,
On coral Beds beneath thy Sapphire Cell;
Whoſe Virgin-Pow'r can break the magic Charm,
Whoſe Look the black Enchanter's Hand diſarm;
Whom Swains in neighb'ring Vales to ſing delight,
Kind Guardian of their Flocks from blaſting Sprite;
Permit me, Goddeſs, from thy ſilver Lake,
With cooling Draught my glowing Thirſt to ſlake!

So, when thou bath'ſt, may no rude Satyr's Eye,
From ſome deep Brake thy naked Beauties ſpy;
May no chill Blaſt the ivied Oak invade,
That o'er thy Cavern waves his ſolemn Shade.

AN

ELEGY *on an* INFANT.

COME, Shepherds, on this Grave your Flourets ſpread,

Hantonia's Hope the little *Alcon*'s dead:

I ſaw ſtern Death his cruel Mandate bring,

And heard the Raven clap his fatal Wing;

Thrice at dead Midnight ſhriek'd the Owl aloud,

While dim then wav'd a viſionary Shroud.

Hence in deep Grotts, and twilight Shades along

The weeping Wood-nymphs ſigh a ſorrowing Song:

The ſad Napeans tear their golden Locks,

Lone Eccho wand'ring on ſequeſter'd Rocks,

By mournful Pauſes ſpeaks the pitying Tale,

"*Alcon* is dead——lament, each Hill and Dale!"——

So *Myſia*'s melancholy Mountains mourn'd,
And *Hylas* loſt the Meads and Woods return'd:
Slow crept *Aſcanius* with a plaintive Tone,
In Conſort murm'ring to *Alcides*' Moan.

Bring then meek Daiſies, and the Primroſe pale,
The ſnow-clad Lilly of the Velvet Vale,
The purple Violet's Bell empearl'd with Dew,
Cropt at cold Ev'ning, fit on Graves to ſtrew:
Be here no gaudy Pink, or Panſy gay,
No Roſe, the Pride of *Venus*, and of *May*;
No full Carnation, deck'd with thouſand Dies,
Like that embroider'd Bow that copes the Skies;
Theſe may fair *Myra* at her Boſom wear,
Or mix them fragrant in her flowing Hair:

No ſuch approach this ſadly-ſolemn Scene,
Or ſpotted Gold, or blended Blue with Green.

Here caſt your Off'rings down, the Turf to grace,
And nine Times round his Grave full ſlowly pace!
Yet ſhould theſe Flow'rs, like *Alcon* ſhortliv'd, fade,
Call the kind Red-breaſt from his ſecret Shade,
With loaded Bill green Myrtle-ſprigs to bring,
And fondly hov'ring plaintive Dirges ſing;

Or bid thoſe Doves that o'er young *Horace* ſpread
Freſh Bays and Buds to ſhield his beauteous Head,
Hither with cooing Elegies repair;
This Babe's as ſprightly, innocent, and fair:
And——but Fate call'd him to eternal Reſt,
A favouring Muſe had warm'd his little Breaſt.

Poor,

Poor, hapleſs Babe! —— yet art thou early flown,
The World's vain Vice, unpractis'd and unknown:
The Frauds that lurk beneath a dimpled Smile,
The oily Speech of panegyric Guile;
The Atheiſt's Scoffs, the midnight Revels lewd,
Mean Follies of the Beau, Coquette, and Prude;
The Miſer's Care to heap, the Heirs to ſpend,
The murder'd Brother, and the treach'rous Friend;
The Stateſman's Crafts, the good Man's weary Toils,
The Villain's Triumphs, the ſtern Tyrant's Spoils:
Far from theſe Cares, where Breaſts ſeraphic glow,
Thou calmly view'ſt the noiſy Scenes below.

So from ſome lofty Rock beholds the Swain
The ſtormy Tumults of the ſwelling Main;

Here,

Here, o'er the foamy Floods the wild Winds ſweep,
There, ſinks the found'ring Veſſel in the Deep:
He, while the billowy Surge beneath him breaks,
In Safety liſtens to the diſtant Shrieks.

A

CHORUS,

Tranſlated from the Hecuba *of* Euripides.

I.

SOFT, ſouthern Gale, whoſe whiſp'ring Breath
Skims lightly o'er the curling Wave,
O whither, in this hapleſs Bark,
Wilt thou convey a weeping Slave?

II.

To *Doria*'s wood-inveſted Land,
Or *Phthia*'s Paſtures ſhall I go,
Where Father of Field-fat'ning Floods
Apidanus ſhall hear my Woe?

III.

Or ſent to *Athens*, ſhall I weave
In Tiſſue Robes the Queen of War;
Her poliſh'd Helm, and Gorgon-ſhield,
Her foaming Steeds, and glitt'ring Car?

IV.

Or haply in the Piece ſhall ſtand
The *Titan*'s Heav'n-defying Crew,
Whom *Jove*, his Proweſs to diſplay,
With angry livid Lightnings ſlew.

V.

O my loſt Children, Parents, Friends!
O *Ilion* ſmoking on the Plains!
O my poor Self, whom foreign Hands
Shall bind in curſt, diſgraceful Chains!

Hereafter

Hereafter in Engliſh Metre enſueth A Paraphraſe on the Holie Book entituled Leviticus Chap. XI. Verſ. 13, &c. Faſhioned after the Maniere of Maiſter Geoffery Chaucer in his Aſſemblie of Foules:

Containing the Reaſons of the ſeveral Prohibitions.

OF feathred Foules, that fanne the buckſom Aire,
Not All alike weare made for Foode to Men;
For, Theſe Thou ſhalt not eat, doth God declare,
Twice tenne Their Nombre, and their Fleſhe unclene:
Fyrſt the Great Eagle, [1] Byrde of feigned Jove,
Which [2] Thebanes worſhippe, and Diviners love:

[1] Vid. Natal. Com. de Mytholog. Lib. 2. Cap. de Jove.
[2] Vid. Diodor. Sicul. Lib. 1.

Next Oſſifrage, and Oſpray, (Both [3] One kinde)
Of Luxurie, and Rapine, Emblems mete,
That haunte the Shores, the choiceſt Preye to finde,
And braſt the Bones, and ſcoope the Marrowe ſwete:
The Vulture, void of Delicace, and Feare,
Who ſpareth not the pale dede Man to tear:

The tall-built Swann, faire Type of Pride confeſſt;
The Pelicane, whoſe Sons are nurſt with Bloode,
[4] Forbidd to Man! —— She ſtabbeth deep hir Breaſt,
Self Murthereſſe through Fondneſs to hir Broode:
They too that raunge the thirſtie Wildes emong,
The [5] Oſtryches, unthoughtful of thir Yonge:

The

[3] Vid. Patr. in loc. [4] Vid. paſſim in Pentat. & in Ep. ad Heb. [5] *The Night-Hawk is the Male Oſtrich, according to* Bochart, *and the Owl the Female: Here the Author chuſes to put both Sexes together. It is remarkable, that in the* Hebrew *Language*

The Raven ominous, (As Gentiles holde)
What Time She croaketh hoarſely *A la Morte*;
The Hawke, Aerial Hunter, ſwift, and bolde,
In Feates of Miſchief trayned for Diſporte;
The vocale Cuckowe, of the Faulcon Race,
Obſcene Intruder in hir Neighbor's Place:

The Owle demure, who loveth not the Lighte,
(Ill Semblance She of Wiſdome to the Greeke)
The ſmalleſt Fouls dradd Foe, the Coward Kite,
And the ſtill Herne, arreſting Fiſhes meeke;
The glutton Cormorante, of ſullen Moode:
Regardyng no Diſtinction in hir Foode.

guage there are no particular Words to diſtinguiſh the Sexes of this Bird as there are for the Male and Female Eagle and Raven, &c. The unnatural Quality here aſſign'd to the Oſtrich, is very elegantly mention'd in Job, cap. 39. ver. 16.

The

The [6] Storke, whiche dwelleth on the Fir tree-topp,
And truſteth that no Pow'er ſhall Hir diſmaye,
As Kinges on thir high Stations place thir Hope,
Nor wiſt that [7] there be higher farr than Theye:
The gay [8] Gier-Eagle, beautifull to viewe,
Bearyng within a Savage Herte untrewe:

The [9] Ibis whome in Egypte *Iſrael* found,
Fell Byrd! That livyng Serpents con digeſt;
The creſted Lapwynge, wailing ſhrille Arounde,
Sollicitous, with noe Contentment bleſt:
Laſt the foul [10] Batt, of Byrde, and Beaſt fyrſt bredde,
Flittyng, with littel leathren Sailes diſpredde.

[6] Pſal. 104. 17. [7] Eccleſ. 5. 8. [8] Gypaetos *is ſaid to partake of the Colours as well as the Qualities of the Eagle and Vulture.* Vid. Geſner. [9] *So called according to the* Vulg. Lat. *But in our* Eng. Bib. *The Great Owl.* [10] Ariſt. de Animal. Lib. 4. cap. 13.

To Her MAJESTY

Queen *CAROLINE*,

ON HER

ACCESSION to the THRONE:

Being the concluding Copy in the Oxford *Collection upon that Occaſion.*

AN *Engliſh* Muſe ſhall cloſe the ſolemn Scene,
Duteous to celebrate An *Engliſh Queen;*
For ſuch is *She*, who by Affection reigns,
And holds our willing Hearts in eaſy Chains;
Whom partial *Wales Their* Patroneſs would call,
Tho' to All equal, tho' rever'd by All.
Who makes the *Mitred Prelacy* her Care,
To learned *Wake* (as late to *Smalridge*) dear:

Yet

Yet ſhines, on ev'ry meaneſt Subject, bright,
Chearfully bounteous—Like (God's Gift) *The Light*.

Thee Holy Truth, Thee decent Zeal ſupports,
Humble in Greatneſs, and devout in Courts;
Whoſe faithful Heart not *Roman* Arts could gain,
And Cæsar offer'd Half the Globe in vain.

No ſuch Refuſal could *Eliſa* boaſt
When gay *Alanzon* on her wond'ring Coaſt
His *Lillies* ſpread:—Irreſolute ſhe turn'd,
(Not as when *Mulciber Minerva* ſcorn'd)
Then ſaid (or ſeem'd to ſay) with faint Diſguiſe,
I view all Princes with untempted Eyes.
Far more Sincere, more Pious to refuſe,
More Prudent *You*, more Elegant to chuſe!

O doubly bleſs'd! who, with *Great George*'s Heir,
Heav'n's richeſt Gifts, Earth's choiceſt Joys may prove,
Whilſt (amiable in Majeſty) *You* ſhare
One Hope, one Faith, one Happineſs, one Love.
Janus well-pleas'd will turn his younger Face
To view the future Glories of your Race;
Britannia happy, in each God-like Son,
And Daughters ruling Nations, not our Own;
Extenſive Good! which *You*, with gen'rous Care,
For This, for other Lands, and diſtant Days prepare:
Hence, glorious on *Thy Self* reflected ſhine
The dawning Virtues of Thy *Num'rous Line*,
By *Thy* Example form'd, taught by *Thy* Skill divine.
All Factions hence—(for All *thy* Worth confeſs)
The *Queen*, the *Mother*, and the *Chriſtian* bleſs.

O CAROLINE! for ev'ry Grace renown'd,
With Wit, with Judgment, and with Beauty crown'd,
Deign to accept This Tribute of my Praiſe,
Tho' rude of Stile, and artleſs be the Lays:
Our youthful Bards, on *Iſis'* Banks retir'd,
Unſeen in Courts, by Swains alone admir'd,
(Such once was *Addiſon*—whom *You* inſpir'd.
As yet but hear how *Foreign Muſes* pleaſe,
With *Spaniſh* Grandeur, or with *Tuſcan* Eaſe;
But, when the *Living Languages* they know,
(A Gift, which we to *Royal Bounty* owe)
Each riſing Genius ſhall more boldly ſoar,
Sweetly diſcloſing Charms unknown before;
Our *Athens* then, more various in Her Songs,
Like *Fame*, will praiſe Thee with a Hundred Tongues.

So the rough Agates, in their native Mine,
Or lay conceal'd, or only faintly ſhine,
'Till ſome kind Hand, diſtinguiſhing their Worth,
Calls all their Multitude of Beauties forth;
Then Nature's mimic Gems (improv'd by Art)
ſurprize,
And Rocks, and Clouds, and Trees, in little Landſkips
riſe.

ODE
ON THE
PASSION.

I.

IN Sable clad, *Urania* come,
Dictate a Pity-moving Lay,
Such as may paint a dying God,
And all his Wounds and Pangs display:
What Time the bliſsful Saints above,
Struck with his Suff'rings and his Love,
Began to heave unuſual Sighs;
Each Seraph tore his Palmy-crown,
Each threw his Harp or Trumpet down,
And Grief a while uſurp'd the Skies.

II.

But hark! I hear triumphant Shouts,
Of *Jews* that dare inſult their Lord;
At whoſe Approach pale Sickneſs fled,
Madneſs and Storms obey'd his Word:
This gracious Benefactor ſee,
Stretch'd out in Anguiſh on the Tree!
How deep the Traces of the Scourge!
His bending Head how pale!
The Spear has gor'd his ſnowy Side,
His tender Feet the Nail!

III.

Sudden the Graves their dreary Depths diſcloſe,
Low, doleful Sounds run murm'ring thro' the Air;
The ſhrouded Bodies from the Charnels roſe,
And gliding by, their trembling Kindred ſcare;

The

The twiſting Rocks their ſulph'rous Beds diſplay'd,
Earth's deep Foundations to the Center ſhook;
The Sun was cover'd with a ten-fold Shade,
Unable on Meſſiah's Pains to look:
Remoteſt Lands the dreadful Portents felt,
And, for a Time, in Wonder, Fear, and Darkneſs dwelt.

IV.

Beneath, lo! *Mary* weeping ſtands,
In Tears moſt pitifully fair,
And beats the Breaſt, where *Chriſt* had hung,
And tears her long diſhevell'd Hair——
" Where can I lay my mournful Head?
" My Son, my King, my God is dead!
" To gloomy Deſerts let me go,
" Among the horrid Rocks and Woods,
" The Caves, and penſive-falling Floods,
" Indulging Solitude and Woe!"—

V.

V.

And ſhall not vile, ungrateful Man,
Bear in theſe Griefs a wretched Part,
Roll in the Duſt, and beat his Face,
Bleed in his Bowels, and his Heart?
While ſtern *Repentance* near him ſtands,
Pointing to Heav'n with meagre Hands!
O let us weep, and humbly pray,
That Faith no longer mourn,
That Peace may raiſe her oliv'd Head,
And Righteouſneſs return.

VI.

Then Pride no more ſhall ſwell her purple Creſt,
Or mad Ambition kindle lawleſs Strife;
Pale Envy then ſhall leave the tortur'd Breaſt,
And frowning Murder break his reeking Knife;

Old Avarice his Heaps of Gold forego,
Sly Theft no more the Traveller beguile,
Luſt ſhall grow whiter than the new-fall'n Snow,
And Rage be calm'd, and Malice learn to ſmile:
Ev'n *Satan*'s Self ſhall feel a heavier Chain,
And gnaſh his Teeth, and ſhake his burning Spear
in vain.

VII.

Alas! far other Scenes appear,
Man ſtill enſlav'd to tenfold Guilt,
Toſt on from Vanity to Vice,
Forgets his Saviour's Blood was ſpilt:
Forgets he left the Realms of Day,
Changing his glorious Robes for Clay:
With inexpreſſive Mercy fill'd,
His Angels left, and Em'rald Throne,
Deigning as Mortal to come down,
To be deſpis'd, forſaken, kill'd.

VIII.

VIII.

Yet there remains a dreadful Day,
When, after Years in Follies ſpent,
This vain, fantaſtic World ſhall fall,
With ev'ry melting Element.
Methinks I hear the Angel—"Come—
"This Trumpet calls ye to your Doom."—
The ſimple *Indian* ſtarts amaz'd,
The *Jew* now dreads the Rod,
Curs'd is the Koran by the *Turk*,
The Atheiſt owns a God.

IX.

Down rides Meſſiah on the Wings of Wind,
His fiery Sword of Juſtice blazing round;
To Vengeance comes He, yet with Mercy kind,
Satan and Death behind his Chariot bound.

O turn we from the burning Sinner's Pains,
His agonizing Struggles, piercing Plaints;
And let us liſten to the rapt'rous Strains,
Sung by the Juſt, the Seraphs, and the Saints:
How for Mankind the filial Godhead bled,
And proud Captivity an humbled Captive led!

The Eighth ODE of the Second Book of HORACE.

To BARINE.

1. ULLA ſi Juris tibi pejerati
Pœna, Barine, nocuiſſet unquam,
Dente ſi nigro fieres, vel uno
Turpior Ungui,
Crederem.——

2. —— Sed tu, ſimul obligâſti
Perfidum Votis Caput, eniteſcis
Pulchrior

Imitated.

To Sir ROBERT WALPOLE.

1. IF ever Juſtice with her iron Hand,
Had dar'd to thruſt thee from this groaning Land,
Or on thy Front, t' avenge a People's Cry,
Burnt the red Marks of ſhameleſs Villany;
Or, as from righteous *Japhet*, cropt an Ear,
Which, daily, fine-ſpun Flatt'ry wont to hear;
Poor *Britain* might appeaſe her Griefs, and ſmile,
And hope her Genius had not left her Iſle.

2. But You——the leſs your Country you befriend,
The more the Courtier-mob before you bend:

Each

Pulchrior multo, Juvenumque prodis
Publica Cura.

3. Expedit Matris Cineres opertos
Fallere, & toto taciturna Noctis
Signa cum Cœlo, gelidâque Divos
Morte carentes.

4. Ridet hoc (inquam) Venus ipsa, rident
Simplices Nymphæ, ferus & Cupido,
Semper ardentes acuens Sagittas
Cote Cruentâ.

Each vile Corruption lures 'em to your Purſe,
As hungry Inſects a corrupted Corſe;
While bowing Bards with panegyric Lays,
Wipe off, or turn your Vices to your Praiſe;
As if the Muſe, with all her *Pindus'* Stream,
Cou'd waſh a Negro white, or clean your Name.

3. What tho' you ſwear your Country to redreſs,
To ſhield in War, to cheriſh her in Peace;
None dare thy falſe, *Ligurian* Words believe,
Who deem'ſt it Depth of Wiſdom to deceive.

4. At this Corruption ſmiles with ghaſtly Grin,
Foretelling Triumphs to her Siſter Sin;
Who, as with baneful Wings aloft ſhe flies,
" This ruin'd Land be mine "——exulting cries;

5. Addè quòd Pubes tibi crescit omnis;
Servitus crescit nova; nec priores
Impiæ tectum dominæ relinquunt
Sæpe minati.

6. Te suis Matres metuunt Juvencis,
Te senes parci, miseræque nuper
Virgines

Grim Tyranny attends her on her Way,
And whets his flaming Sword that thirſts to ſlay.

5. How widely ſpreads thy Pow'r! almighty Knight!
Conqueſt is ſurer when you bribe, than fight:
No more let *Perſia* hail her laurell'd Lord,
Before a Seſterce what avails a Sword?
Yet ſure 'tis ſtrange your Slaves will Slaves remain,
Tho' ten Times kick'd they come, they cringe again;
As fooliſh *Phædria* ſtill ſigh'd for his Whore,
Tho' the dear Jilt had thruſt him from her Door.

6. Striking her Breaſt, what Tears has Virtue ſhed,
To ſee plain Juſtice, Truth, and Valour fled?

Virgines nuptæ, tua ne retardet

Aura Maritos.

Who can relate her home-felt, Patriot-Pains,
How much ſhe ſighs, how deeply ſhe complains,
That *Britain* bends to thy corruptive Pow'r,
Debauch'd, like *Danäe*, with a golden Show'r?

Carmen in celeberrimi Gloveri LEONIDAM.

VOS animæ illustres, quæ jam per amœna vireta
Elysiii, ad liquidos fontes divina piorum
Concilia heroûm celebratis, & horrida longè
Tartara despicitis, tetras caligine sedes;
Leönidâ invicte, & Dithyrambi dia Juventus,
Diomedonque, & vos vix tanti nominis umbræ,
Quæ simul ob patriam cecidistis vulnera passæ;
Respicite & vatem, qui vestris tanta triumphis
Dona parat Musarum, intactaque nomina versu
Aönas in montes, Pindique cacumina duxit.
Scilicet ille novus acies, nova castra camœnâ
Suscipit audaci; en quantis late obstrepit arvis

Agminibus

Agminibus Xerxes, inſtructoque undique campos
Marte tenet, ſpoliiſque hoſtes Orientis onuſtos
Barbaricis, variiſque armis, vaſto ordine pandit.
Contrà Argiva Phalanx, haud magnis freta catervis
Sed propriâ virtute valentior, agmine pauco
Obſidet Oetëas fauces; anguſtaque circùm
Caſtra tenet, quà ſaxa altis horrentia ſylvis
Deſupèr, & fructæ nemoroſa cacumina rupis
Immanem obtendunt umbram; dum per juga ſumma
(Præruptas ſedes,) tranquilla ſilentia latè
Servat opaca quies, & amantes aſpera Nymphæ
Aërii montis ſylveſtria templa tuentur.
Inſtat ovans Xerxes, adverſaque prælia miſcet:
Sed quid tot gentes, quò tanta ſuperbia belli!
Quas ibi tunc ferro ſtrages, quæ funera ſparſit
Leonidas, clariſque inſigniit arva tropæis!

Viribus haud æquis, haud diis concurritur æquis.
Scilicet Hos cingi monuit fulgentibus armis,
Vox vigilis patriæ, anguſtiſque invicta periclis
Libertus acrem incuſſit per pectora flammam.
Quin parvo conſueta cohors vovêre juventam
Virtuti Martique: injecta catena magiſtri
Hos ſævi invitos peregrina ad prælia traxit,
Et patriâ avulſit, natiſque & conjuge dulci
Pacatiſque arvis, longoque errore coëgit
Perque vices cœli varias, perque aſpera Ponti,
Haud cædis cupidos, animiſve hoſtilibus actos
Regna ignota ſequi, atque aliena laceſſere bella.
Vis tanta imperii, nimiique licentia ſceptri!

Qui verò mentes arrectus percipit ardor
Dum canit immemorem Lethive horæve propinque

Fervere

Fervere Leönidam, certæque occurrere morti.
Fortunate Heros, cui candida fata dederûnt
Pro patriâ periiſſe tuâ! felicior ergo
Tu forti Æneâ, & cedet damnatus iniquâ
Sorte tibi Theſeus, ipſoque Alcide tropæa,
Tu majora refers: utcunque domaverit anguem
Ille ferum, & Nemeâ vaſtum ſub rupe leonem;
Olli haud pro patriâ licuit labente perire,
Haud tantî tot Geſta, & duri mille labores.

Vos pariterque uno devincti vulnere amoris,
Ducitis antiquæ tranquilla oblivia curæ,
Quæ jam frondenti per opaca cubilia myrto,
Tu *Teribaze* ingens, *Arianæ* que umbra fidelis,
Reſpicite & ſaltem, ſecretâ e ſede, poetam
Proſequitur cineres tanto qui munere veſtras,

Qui manibus gratis tam pulchros ſpargere flores
(Triſte miniſterium) veſtram dignatur in urnam,
Ipſe pias etiam exequias, & ſerta pararem,
Quin felix tumulus partoque inſignis honore
Haud ultrà ornari geſtit, ſtudiique recuſat
Dona ſupervacui, & levioris munera muſæ.
At ſaltèm liceat duram miſereſcere ſortem
Amborum, & lacrymâ triſtem donare favillam.

Vos autem Ætei rupes, & grandia ſaxa,
Et nemorum quæcunque umbræ juga lata coronant,
Vos veteres pinus, & tactæ fulmine quercus
Cum Nymphis ſalvete! & tu formido verendi
Relligioſa loci, quà ſolo in littore ſecum
Heroûm (ut perhibent) ſimulacra ingentia paſtor
Sæpe ſub obſcurum noctis volitare paveſcit.

Tu Glovere ſimul, ſeu publica fortè miniſtras
Munera, civiles agitans in pectore curas,
Seu dulces numeros divinaque carmina pangas
Muſarum ſuavi per mentem inſtinctus amore,
Tuque etiam ſalve! neque enim ſibi vendicat omnes
Jam lauros *Milto*, ſiquas ferat *Anglia* Mater;
Non Britonum ſolus frontem velâſſe coronâ
Pieriâ, aut liquidam libâſſe Aganippida jactat,
Tantâ utcunque lyrâ primævi fata parentis,
Tartaræaſque domos ſonet, & cœleſtia Bella.

ASTROPHIL to his SON, aged Seven Months.

O THOU! with whom I fondly ſhare
My faithful *Stella*'s Love, and Care,
To thee 'tis giv'n to tumble o'er
Thy abſent Sire's poëtic Store,
(With eager Hands theſe Lines to ſeize
And tear, or loſe 'em, as you pleaſe,)
Thou too from Pedantry art free,
And I can ſafely ſing to thee.

What tho' thy Age no Skill can boaſt,
In one ſmall Round of Follies loſt;
Yet ev'n thy Toys, and Tears, and Strife,
Act all the World in little Life.

Alike Man aims at all he can,
And Imitation teaches Man:
—But then has Man his Play-things too?—
—Yes ſure.—Amuſements all allow,
And are more ſerious Fools—than thou.
We differ, only in th' Intent
As idle—but leſs innocent.

Alike Man aims at all he can,
And Imitation reaches Man:
—But then has Man his Play-things too?—
—Yes sure.—Amusements all allow,
And are more serious Fools—than thou.
We differ, only in th' Intent
As idle—but less innocent.

PHILANDER,

AN

Imitation of SPENCER.

Occasioned by the Death of Mr. WILLIAM LEVINZ, *of* M. *C.* Oxon, Nov. 1706.

" To You alone I ſing this mournful Verſe—
" Made not to pleaſe the living, but the Dead—
" To You, whoſe ſoft'n'd hearts it may empierſe
" With Dolours—(if you covet It to read—
" And if in You found pittie ever place,
" May You be mov'd to pittie ſuch a caſe.

SPENCER.

ON THE

DEATH

OF

Mr. *WILLIAM LEVINZ.*

Purpureos ſpargam flores, animamque Philandri
His ſaltèm accumulem donis, & fungar inani
Munere——— VIRG. Æn. VI.

GIVE me, ye weeping Nine, the ſofteſt Airs,
Whilſt I with you *Philander*'s Fate condole;
Let Pity grace each ſadly-pleaſing Verſe,
And tender Words that thrill the melting Soul:
Echo ſhall kindly anſwer as I mourn,
And gently-wafted Sounds my doleful Plaints return.

When rural *Spencer* ſung, the liſt'ning Swains
Wou'd oft' forget to feed the fleecy Throng;
The fleecy Throng, charm'd with the melting Strains,
Fed not—but on the Muſick of his Song;
His *Mulla* would in ling'ring Bubbles play,
'Till his pleas'd Waters ſtole unwillingly away.

And cou'd my Verſe but with its Theme compare,
Moving as *Spencer* I my Grief wou'd tell;
The raviſh'd Bard ſhou'd to *Elyſium* hear
A ſecond *Colin* mourn a ſecond *Aſtrophel*.
My Lays ſhou'd more than equal Glory boaſt,
And the fam'd *Mulla* be in ſmoother *Cherwell* loſt.

Cherwell! bleſs'd Stream while thy *Philander* liv'd!
Where-e'er thy Waves in mazy Windings turn,
Tell ev'ry Stream of whom they are depriv'd,
And bid 'em all in ſobbing Murmurs mourn:
Oft' on thy Banks he'd tell thy Praiſes o'er,
'Twas there I ſaw him laſt——but oh! ſhall ſee no more.

Look, ſaid the Youth, (as then he wond'ring ſtood)
How *Cherwell*'s Waves in dinted Dimples ſmile!
I joy to ſee his amicable Flood
With circling Arms embrace the happy Soil:
How loth he ſeems theſe charming Shades to leave,
That from his ſilver Urn a nobler Grace receive!—

—But mute is now the Muſick of that Voice,
That to th' attentive Flood ſuch Praiſes gave!—
'Mong Bones and Skulls the dear *Philander* lies,
Cold, cold, and ſilent as the diſmal Grave!—
Mourn then, ye Youths, for ever mourn his Fate;
Ye cannot grieve too long—but oh ye grieve too late!

—Look all around the Woods, and Plains, and Floods;
Do not ev'n they the mighty Loſs deplore?
Lo Pleaſure leaves the Floods, and Plains, and Woods!
And penſive Birds now warble there no more;
But pining Doves, and moaning Turtles coo,
And Choirs of Swans make up the Harmony of Woe.

Their

Their tuneful Sorrow raviſhes my Ear,
While mourning Vegetables pleaſe the Eye;
The ſick'ning Flow'rs their Heads but faintly rear,
And droop beneath the dewy Tears, and die!
Like them the Youth a thouſand Charms cou'd boaſt,
—But oh the Youth like them thoſe ſhort-liv'd Charms has loſt!

Say, You his Friends, Companions of my Woe,
Say what kind Gentleneſs adorn'd his Mind?
Tell me, can You ſuch native Candour ſhow?
And may we ſtill a true *Philander* find?
Vain Hope!—let all with gen'rous Shame confeſs,
None e'er excell'd you more—and yet cou'd know it leſs.

Oft wou'd the Youth into himself descend,
And act at once the Confessor and Saint;
How pleas'd he'd see th' examin'd Breast unstain'd,
And say with modest Joy, *I'm Innocent!*
Confed'rate Graces spoke him Whole Divine,
All beautiful without, and spotless all within.

And must such fair Perfection yield to Fate?
Why was thy early Goodness ripe so soon?
Ye Pow'rs! let Virtue have a longer Date,
Or some prevailing Muse to make it known:
Oh! cou'd these Lays proportion'd Praises give,
The lovely Youth shou'd still in deathless Numbers live!

Thou

Thou conſtant Object of my lab'ring Thought!
Tho' thy dear Preſence cruel Death denies,
Oft is thy Shade by kinder *Morpheus* brought,
And oft by Fancy to my longing Eyes:
Sometimes my Thoughts thy dying Gaſps renew,
Ev'n now methinks I ſee all Death expos'd to View.

I ſee *Philander* on his Death-bed lain!
What griping Pangs his tortur'd Heart corrode!
Look how reſign'd he bears each ſmarting Pain!
And inly groaning invocates his God!
How chang'd he looks! how aſhy pale his Hue!
I ne'er unwilling ſaw the lovely Youth 'till now!

Are thoſe the Arms with which we oft embrac'd?
Thoſe Hands, benumn'd, and cold, are thoſe like his?
And his dear Lips, by conſtant Learning grac'd,
Say, did they tremble, and look wan as theſe?—
—Love might with Fear a doubtful Strife maintain,
But that my Griefs preſent a yet more diſmal Scene.

Behold! his Friends all croud around his Bed!
Hark with what bitter Cries they o'er him moan!
Look on their ſtreaming Eyes! what Tears they ſhed!
Their Grief makes all his Miſeries their own!
And while this Pomp of Death *Philander* ſees,
The dying Youth by their's perceives his Miſeries.

Now

Now his chill Face with eager Lips they kiſs,
Graſp his cold Hand, and take their laſt Farewel!—
How languiſhing they fix their Eyes on his!
Their aking Sight cou'd there for ever dwell!
Too well they know thoſe parting Looks are vain,
And turn themſelves aſide — yet needs muſt look
again:

—But doubtful Miſts ſwim hov'ring o'er his Eyes,
That feebly round their hollow Orbits rowl;
Whilſt in imperfect Groans and leſſ'ning Sighs,
With pious Careleſſneſs he yields his Soul;
His Soul unfetter'd ſeeks the Realms of Light,
And to her native Heav'n ſhe takes her tow'ring
Flight.

But who can tell his weeping Mother's Care?
His Death in vain by ſilent Friends is hid,
For conſcious Tears the fatal Truth declare,
And their expreſſive Silence ſays, He's Dead!
Her ſtill-born Sorrow ſpeaks an inward Woe,
Beyond what Sighs, or Tears, or Words unequal ſhow.

O ceaſe, thou good *Sophronia*, left forlorn,
For thy much-lov'd *Philander* weep no more;
Thoſe, who thy Son's ſad Fate cou'd never mourn,
Will ev'n his living Mother now deplore;
For when ſuch Piety in Tears they view,
Their ſoften'd Hearts muſt grieve to ſympathize with You.

Look on thy Daughter, beauteous in Diſtreſs,
Nor think while *Stella* lives *Philander* loſt;
Oh! may kind Heav'n in Her your Griefs redreſs,
And You in one a num'rous Bleſſing boaſt!
May His redoubl'd Life to her return!
And you in *Stella* ſee *Philanders* yet unborn!

HIERONYMI FRACASTORII.

AD

JOAN. BAPTISTAM TURRIANUM VERONENSEM.

BATTE, animos quando triſtes curaſque levare

Muſa poteſt, ego nunc ſortem, caſuſque ſupremos

Ipſe meos triſti ſolabor carmine tecum,

Et tecum dulces natos, quos funus acerbum

Abſtulit, æternâ & pariter caligine texit,

Conquerar: ut ſaltem tenebris & nocte perenni,

Quantum opis eſt noſtræ, miſerorum nomina demam.

Quæ potui, dum vita illos, auræque fovebant,

Exhibui

TO

BAPTISTA TURRIANO,

FROM THE

Latin of FRACASTORIUS:

On the Death of his Sons.

SINCE with ſweet Balm the Muſe alone can heal
Sad Sorrow's Wound, and ſooth the troubled Mind,
Liſten a While my *Battus*, nor refuſe
Her grateful Gift of grief-beguiling Verſe;
Which to thy much-lov'd Sons, whom dreary Death
Has wrap'd in *Stygian* Shade, ſhe weeping pays.
At leaſt her Song, if e'er her Song avail'd,
From their fair Names may ſnatch the Veil of Night.
E'er yet oppreſs'd by Fate's untimely Stroke
My tender Care inform'd their helpleſs Age;

This,

Exhibui genitorque, gubernatorque duorum
Infelix, primas alter vix fingere voces,
Alter adhuc teneris jam tum decerpere ab annis
Prima rudimenta, atque omen præbere parenti.
Quos ego (ſed Zephyri ſpes portavere paternas)
Cenſueram, ſi fata darent, quum poſceret ætas
Fortior, ad dulces tecum traducere Muſas
Aſſiduos, citharamque humeris ſuſpendere eburnam.
Inde ubi jam cœlum, ac Solem, fulgentiaque aſtra,
Terramque, & liquidos ignes, æquorque profundum
Mirari inciperent, latiſque animalia campis,
Te monſtrante viam, te rerum arcana docente,
Mens fuerat dulces Sophiæ deducere ad hortos,
Hortos, quos ver perpetuum, quos aura Favonii

Semper

This, yet with liſping Accent ſcarce could frame
Th' imperfect Word, while This in early Dawn
Cropt the firſt Flow'rs of Knowledge, and began
To give glad Promiſe of a fertile Spring.

If Fortune e'er had bleſt my blooming Hopes
When to firm Manhood grew their ripen'd Age,
My Hand had led them to the moſſy Grotts,
Of *Cirrha*'s Vale, their Father's much-lov'd Haunts,
And on their Shoulder hung *Euterpe*'s Lute.
Thence, when their ſoaring Minds had trac'd the Stars,
The golden Sun, broad Deep, and dædal Globe,
While thy ſage Mind diſclos'd the dubious Way;
To the fair Gardens of Philoſophy
Had bore them wond'ring, which eternal *Spring*
And mild *Favonius* feed with balmy Dews

Of

Semper alit, ſemper cœleſti nectare paſcit.
Hic tremulo, & longâ confecto ætate parenti
Purpureos legerent flores: ſeniique levamen,
Threïciâ canerent citharâ, quæ plurima quondam
Audîſſent te populeâ meditante ſub umbrâ,
Divino mirantem Atheſim dum carmine mulces,
Et rerum canis & teneri primordia mundi.

Fortunate ſenex, ſi natorum ore referri
Fata ſinant, ut nata chao antiquiſſima rerum
Materies viſi correpta cupidine pulchri
Arſerit, atque Deûm thalamo complexa jugârit
Corpora prima: quibus diſcordia nata hymenæis,
Et diviſa locis, ſuprema petiverit ignis
Purior, & nitidis vicinus ſederit aſtris:

Of Nectar; then to crop purpureal Flowers,
Sweet Solace of their hoary Parent's Age;
Oft too to chear thy penſive Eve of Life
Their ſkilful Hands had ſtrung the *Thracian* Lyre
To Notes like Thine, that on the daiſied Marge
Of *Atheſis*, beneath the Poplar Shade,
They heard thee ſing, of Nature's infant Dawn,
The wild Wave huſhing with thy magic Strain.

O how thine Age, my much lov'd Friend, had ſmil'd
If e'er thou could'ſt have heard thy Sons declare,
How Matter firſt from ſhapeleſs Chaös born
With Beauty long'd to joyn; how Diſcord roſe
At length to Texture and to Shape confin'd;
How to th' ethereal Vault the purer Fire
Aſpir'd, and to the ſtarry Reign upflew,

Quem juxta per inane amplum ſe fuderit aër:
Ima autem tellus vaſto circum obruta ponto
Conſtiterit: quam dudum hinc inde agitantibus undis
Subſterni late campi, deformiaque arva
Paullatim apparere ſupra, & concreſcere montes
Cœperunt, procul & nudas oſtendere cautes,
Mox nemora, & virides undis mirantibus ornos.
Montanis tum ſpeluncis, & rupibus altis
Exſiluere udæ formoſo corpore Nymphæ,
In viridi flavos ſiccantes littore crines.

O fortunatum nimium, ſi Numina tantum
Hæc mihi ſervaſſent, ſi non caſura dediſſent.
Verum aliter Lacheſi viſum eſt quo tempore primum
Natorum cœpit producere fila duorum:
Quippe auram miſeris, & dulcem noſcere vitam,

While Air diffuſive fill'd the ſpacious Void.
How o'er the Globe a Deſert waſte and wild
Of Sea was roll'd, 'till from the watry Scene
At length emerg'd broad Plains and oozy Fields,
And high to Heav'n the Mountains heav'd their Backs
Horrid with many a Cliff; while cloath'd in Green
Tall Foreſts from the wondering Waters roſe;
And from the rocky Caves and Caverns dank
Sprung forth the Nymphs in naked Beauty bright,
And dry'd their Treſſes on the verdant Shore.

O thrice had Fortune bleſt my bliſsful Life,
If ne'er the Gods had cropt theſe blooming Hopes
And kept them ſtill inviolate; but Death
Juſt when they promis'd in the riſing Dawn
Of Infancy ſo fair a Spring of Flowers,

Spemque ſui dederat præbere: alia omnia ventis
Tradita, nocte atrâ & tenebris involverat Orci.
Non licuit firmos annis, viridesque juventâ
Inſpicere, & caræ ad metam deducere vitæ.
Nec potui votis, nec ope adjuviſſe paternâ
Clamantes, fruſtraque patris ſuprema petentes
Auxilia, & notâ nequidquam voce vocantes.
Heu mortem inviſam! quis te mihi, Paulle, Deorum
Arripit, & miſerum complexibus abſtrahit iſtis?
Tu prior immiti correptus morte parentem
Deſeris, & dulces auras & lumina linquis.
Quod te ſi tali dederant ſub lege futurum
Fata mihi, non jam fuerat mœroris abunde?
Non gemitus? quid me è tam multis patribus unum,
Cœlicolæ, lacrimiſque novis, & morte recenti
Opprimitis, caroque etiam ſpoliatis Iulo?

Heu

With baleful Breath forbad the Bud to bloom,
And buried all beneath the diſmal Shade
Of *Tartarus*; nor could my anxious Care
Lead them to glowing Youth, and Manhood firm,
And ſee them run the weary Length of Life.
Nor could their Parent's earneſt Prayers or Art
Save them, tho' loud they call'd with moving Voice
His medicinal Aid!——O cruel Death,
O ſay what God, my *Paulus*, ſtopt thy Breath,
And tore thee ruthleſs from my cold Embrace?
You firſt dear Youth your weeping Father left
No more to view the Beam of chearful Heav'n.
Thy Fate alone had plung'd my lab'ring Soul
In Woe too deep, then wherefore, heav'nly Pow'rs,
Add ye freſh Cauſe of Grief, and bid new Tears,
New kindred Tears for ſweet *Iülus* flow?

Heu miſerande puer, quanto plena omnia luctu
Liquiſti abſcedens! quem non veſana Deorum
Incuſavit inops, quum te complexa jacentem
Aſpiceret laniata comas & pectora mater?
Ah miſera, ah male fauſta parens, quid numina fletu
Sollicitas? jacet ille, velut ſucciſus aratro
Flos tener, & fruſtra non audit tanta gementem.
Ah miſera, ah quid ſublatum complexa moraris?
Ille tuus non jam eſt. Vos illam in funere, matres,
Collapſam accipite, exanimemque reponite tectis.

At vos, inſontes animæ, cariſſima nuper
Pignora (quod miſero ſupereſt optare parenti)
Semper avete mei, ut licuit, ſemperque valete.
Seu dulce Elyſium functos, umbræque tenebunt

Sanctorum

How thy mad Mother every God accus'd,
As o'er thy Coarſe reclin'd, her Hair ſhe rent,
And beat with pityleſs Hand her bleeding Breaſt.
O ceaſe, fond Mother, to ſollicit thus
The Gods with fruitleſs Cries! as the fair Flower
Whom yet in infant Bloom the ſhining Share
Cuts from the Parent Glebe, *Iülus* lies
Deaf to thy loud Complaints; no more embrace
His clay-cold Limbs with unavailing Arms!
Ev'n now, ſad Follower of his ſable Herſe
She faints—ye Matrons lift the drooping Dame,
Rouſe ſtruggling Life, and bear to ſoft Repoſe!

Ye pure, unſpotted Shades! receive this Hail!
This laſt Adieu, Remembrance of my Love,
And Friendſhip's Pledge ſincere! where'er ye dwell,
Whether ye wander in *Elyſian* Vales,

Sanctorum nemorum, puro ſeu ſidera cœlo,
Ipſe ego vos ſemper lacrimis, vos carmine triſti
Proſequar, & veſtris perſolvam juſta ſepulchris:
Donec me vobis tenuem conjunxerit umbram
Summa dies, natis æquat quæ ſola parentes.

Interea curas numeris, Muſâque levemus,
Batte, animos: quando rerum mortalis origo eſt,
Scilicet & quondam veniet labentibus annis
Illa dies, quum jam curvo ſub vomere taurus
Deſudet, terramque gravis proſcindat arator,
Nunc ubi cæruleæ roſtris ſpumantibus undæ
Sulcantur, verruntque citæ freta longa carinæ.
Nec vos, ô liquidi fontes, æterna manebunt
Sæcula, ſi tanto quamvis pater efferat amne
Eridanus, tumiduſque fluat tot cornibus Iſter.

Or triumph in the Star-beſpangled Skies,
Still grateful will I pay the duteous Tear
And Rite of ſacred Song, nor yearly fail
To crown with freſheſt Wreaths your honour'd Urns.

Mean time, my *Battus*, let the Muſe relieve
Our Sorrow-lab'ring Breaſts and ſooth our Cares;
Since All is frail and built on Mortal Baſe.
The Days will come, when at the tardy Plow
The Steer ſhall pant, and thro' the ſtubborn Mold
The Share ſhall paſs, where now the winged Bark
Cleaves the blue Deep, and ſkims the glaſſy Plain.
Nor ſhall the Fountains fam'd in ancient Song
Still ſtream exhauſtleſs; tho' the mighty *Po*
Devolves ſo full a Tide, and *Iſter* laves

Un-

Quin etiam aërii montes, mirabile dictu,
Taygetus, Syphiluſque, jugo & Cymbotus opaco
Innumeras poſt æſtates, ac ſæcula longa,
Senſerunt ſeniumque ſuum, ſupremaque fata;
Ex quo materies thalamos, primoſque hymenæos,
Atque elementa novus ſenſit diſcordia mundus.

Unnumber'd Channels, with enormous Flood.
The cloud-capt Mountains, proud *Taygetus*,
Tall *Sypilus*, and crown'd with woody Cliffs
Cymbotus, thro' the Courſe of endleſs Years
Have from their deep Foundations felt the Force
Of gradual Diſſolution and Decay:
Since Matter firſt embrac'd the ſmiling Form
Of Order, and the warring Elements
Together ruſh'd to form th' emerging World.

To the Right Honourable

GEORGE DODINGTON, *Esq;*

AS late I rov'd by *Lodon*'s whispering Stream,
Studious to sound in Verse thy much-lov'd Name,
Apollo came, and touch'd my trembling Ear——
"To praise a *Dodington*, rash Bard! forbear!
"What can thy weak, and ill-tun'd Voice avail,
"When on *that* Theme my *Young* and *Thomson*
"fail?"

ON

MAY MORNING.

To a LADY.

WINTER no more the weeping Fields deforms,
Pours the deep Snow-drift, or deſcends in Storms,
But rural Muſic wakes the blithſome *Spring*,
And every Wood invites to love and ſing;
See in yon' Bow'r the Goddeſs' Self appears,
A Roſe-bud Garland on her Locks ſhe wears,
And on her Wriſt two cooing Turtles bears:
Join'd Hand in Hand attends her Siſter *May*,
Simple, yet fair; and tho' not wanton, gay;
Behind a Train of Nymphs and Youths advance,
Touch the ſoft Lute, and join in ſprightly Dance.

Hither

Hither ye City-Nymphs and *Belles* repair,
To ſport in Freedom, and a purer Air!
Safe may ye wander thro' the cooling Wood,
Or liſten to the Birds and falling Flood:
No Beau-Deceivers lurk among the Flocks,
No ruffling Winds ſhall diſlocate your Locks;
But Peace and Innocence true Pleaſures yield,
While new *Vauxhalls* ariſe in every Field.

But the light Herd of well-bred Dames diſdain
The calmer Pleaſures of the painted Plain;
Gay *Flavia* hates a Mead and purling Rill
More than a Church, Small-pox, or Mercer's Bill;
" For who, ſhe cries, a *London*-Life would change,
" Penſive in ſolitary Woods to range;

" To walk without a Beau in ſome lone Vale,
" Nor *Handel* hear, but the ſad Nightingale;
" Or ſit at ſolemn Whiſt by gloomy Fires,
" With aukward Parſons, Juſtices, and Squires?" —

But bleſt with ſtrong, unfaſhionable Senſe,
You reliſh rural Eaſe and Innocence:
Can leave Ridotto's for an uſeful Book,
Or ſit at Plain-work by a murm'ring Brook:
In uſeful Labours paſs each virtuous Day,
Nor ſigh for Opera, Maſquerade or Play.

What Joy to view from far the ſweating Steer,
The Blackbirds or the Milk-maids Song to hear;
Count budding Cowſlips, or with Lambkins play,
Sing with a Nymph, or with a Shepherd ſtray!

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Then

Then caſt thee weary on the painted Ground,
Where Hazels caſt a checquer'd Shade around;
While iſſuing from a Bud a Bee ſhall come,
To bleſs thy Slumbers with a drowſy Hum.

But who can ſleep! ten thouſand Joys combin'd,
Employ the Smell, the Ear, the Eye, the Mind!
Have youthful Poets dreamt of golden Days,
When Fruits ambroſial ripen'd in their Lays,
Did Honey-ſtreams in liquid Numbers flow,
In the rich Verſe ſpontaneous Harveſts glow?
Soon imag'd Charms, and faint Deſcription cloys,
Fancy may paint, but Nature gives the Joys:
Who taught the Nightingale her Neſt to form,
In uſeful Beauty, wonderful and warm?

(May

(May no rough Ruſtic violate the Boughs,
Where hangs her little, moſſy-circled Houſe)
Who ſent the Dam to cull the choiceſt Food,
Now in the Foreſt ſeeking now the Flood,
And to the hungry Young with Haſte convey
The Worm untaſted, or the Inſect-Prey:
Who ſwell'd the Lilly with a pearly Dew,
Who bad gay Earth her radiant Robe renew,
The Stream in Concert with the Linnet run,
And the World ſmile beneath a warmer Sun?
'Tis Nature's Pow'r!—Thy all-benignant Hand
Spreads every Joy, and bleſſes every Land!
Grant, gentle Goddeſs, no corroding Care
In rankling Chains our reſtleſs Hearts enſnare;

O while around us all is Joy and Peace
Let Sorrow die, let jarring Paſſions ceaſe;
So ſhall Mankind Thy general Praiſes ſing,
And in their Boſoms feel another Spring.

On a GENTLEMAN *whoſe Miſtreſs had an ill Breath.*

LOVERS 'tis ſaid are blind—but *Thirſis* ſhews,
Theſe Sighers loſe not Eyes alone, but Noſe;
Go, doting Fool—a fragrant Favourite ſeek,
Nor *Egypt*-like, adore a nauſeous Leek.

VERSES

ON

HENRY *the Eighth's ſeizing the Abbey-Lands, and on Queen* ANNE's *Augmentation of Livings.*

THERE liv'd a Race to good *Chariſſa* dear,
Who rais'd a thouſand Domes devote to Pray'r;
A thouſand mattin Choirs with White array'd,
In tuneful Tributes all their Vows convey'd;
Then Charity was wont her Iſle to love,
And oft for this to change the Realms above:
But when ſhe hapleſs found fierce Rage begin,
Where Force reform'd but by a pious Sin,

When

When arm'd Devotion would the Prieſt expel,
And Royal Sacrilege was chriſten'd Zeal,
She view'd, ſhe mourn'd, ſhe fled her rifled Iſle,
While ravenous *Henry* gave a Looſe to Spoil.

And now where Towers ſtretch'd far their taper Shade,
Where hallow'd Walls religious Pomp diſplay'd,
The ſolitary Traveller ſtares around,
Oft halts——oft deems he hears ſome ſcreaming Sound,
And treads with trembling Knees the conſecrated Ground.

For oft o'er Graves the Shepherd tends his Herd,
And points where Saints and Martyrs lay interr'd;

Here in ſtill Deep of Night are Peaſants ſcar'd,
When the tall Ghoſts ſtalk ſlow with Steps unheard,
When moaning Cries the loneſome Ruins fill,
So pitiful they howl! and ſhriek ſo hollow ſhrill!
Theſe diſmal Yells the Shepherds ſhiv'ring hear,
And feign bold Talk to chace the freezing Fear;
But when the Nod of ſome much-injur'd Shade
Sadly invites 'em with his beck'ning Head,
They fly. They wonder at their Speed unknown,
Glad that they ſhun the Sprite—yet, haſt'ning on,
Oft look behind to view the Sprite they ſhun.
Where holy Pilgrims wont to kneel and pray,
Now browzing Goats, and lowing Oxen ſtray,
O'er mould'ring Pillars creeps the bluſhing Vine,
And leafy Fig inveſts each ſolemn Shrine,

O'er

O'er venerable Virgins ſculptur'd Heads,
Nods horrid Thorn, and darkſome Elder ſpreads,
And with cloſe Foliage o'er the pictur'd Walls,
Time's favourite Plant the mournful Ivy crawls;
Warning the Cock, no more the midnight Bell,
Call'd the pale Sifters from the ſilent Cell,
Whoſe Lamps to bleſs benighted Wand'rers Sight,
Caſt thro' thick Windows a dim doubtful Light.

Religion wept.—to fill fair *Albion*'s Throne,
Till gracious Heav'n ſent bounteous *Anna* down;
Alike for Mercy and for War renown'd,
She rais'd the drooping Prieſthood from the Ground;
Stoop'd from her Throne to hear each mournful Sigh,
With Thunder in her Hand, but Pity in her Eye;

Queen of th' Afflicted! form'd by Heav'n to melt,
At every Woe diſtreſtful Virtue felt:
Thy Name ſhall laſt with freſheſt Laurels crown'd,
Long as thy *Churchill*'s Sword ſhall be renown'd;
'Till *Danube* ceaſe to tremble at thy Name,
Forgetful of the Blood that ſtain'd his fearful Stream.

VERSES

Written after ſeeing Windſor *Caſtle.*

FROM beauteous *Windſor*'s high and ſtory'd
Halls,
Where *Edward*'s Chiefs ſtart from the glowing
Walls,
To my low Cott, from ivory Beds of State,
Pleas'd I return unenvious of the Great.
So the Bee ranges o'er the vary'd Scenes
Of Corn, of Heaths, of Fallows, and of Greens,
Pervades the Thicket, ſoars above the Hill,
Or murmurs to the Meadows murm'ring Rill;
Now haunts old hollow'd Oaks, deſerted Cells,
Now ſeeks the low Vale-Lilly's ſilver Bells;

Sips

Sips the warm Fragrance of the Greenhouſe Bow'rs,
And taſtes the Myrtle and the Citron-flow'rs;
At length returning to the wonted Comb,
Prefers to All his little Straw-built Home.

AGAINST

AGAINST DRESS.

To a LADY.

I.

WHY will *Neæra* fondly deck
With pearly Rows her poliſh'd Neck;
Why with the feathery Tippet hide,
Her ſwelling Boſom's ſpotleſs Pride?
With genuine Beauties, all your own,
You need not borrow *Venus'* Zone.

II.

Whence all this faſhionable Care,
To curl that lovely Length of Hair,
Which Nature meant ſhou'd flow profuſe,
In Ringlets beautifully looſe:

The

The ſtudied Fopperies of Art
No real Elegance impart.

III.

Mark, fair One, in its native Bed,
How blooms the Cowſlip's velvet Head;
What luſcious Cluſters load the Vines,
Whoſe Growth no ſkilful Hand confines;
How ſweet the Lark and Nightingale
Untaught and artleſs charm the Vale.

ON

LUXURY.

WHY, ye Profuſe, has Nature work'd in vain,
To cloath with uſeful Woods *Britannia*'s Plain?
Why the ſtout Oak, great King of Foreſts, made,
The knotted Ewe, and Beech of ſolemn Shade?
Why bends the Aſh high-ruſtling o'er the Hills,
Why Poplars tall o'erhang the creeping Rills?
My Lord contemptuous of his Country's Groves,
As foreign Faſhions foreign Trees too loves:
" Odious! upon a Walnut-plank to dine!
" No—the red-vein'd *Mohoggony* be mine!
" Each Cheſt and Chair around my Room that ſtands,
" Was ſhip'd thro' dangerous Seas from diſtant Lands:

" Death! ſhou'd your *Britiſh* Cloths my Limbs
" infold!
" How clumſily they ſett when lac'd with Gold!
" For me rich *Perſia*'s Products croſs the Deep,
" I owe my Dreſs to Silkworms, not to Sheep!
" And ſent to *China* the poor Sailor burns,
" To fetch me Cups, Bowls, Urinals and Urns."——

While thus the Great to modiſh Trifles ſtoop,
Each Science ſorrows, all the Muſes droop;
For thoſe who moſt ſhould patronize the Muſe,
Neglect, or dread, or fetter, or abuſe.
Pictura hangs the Head, and ſighing ſtands,
And drops the uſeleſs Pallet from her Hands;
Sculpture that hop'd our lofty Halls to grace,
With *Raleigh*'s, *Bacon*'s, *Milton*'s, *Newton*'s Face,

(Names that from *Britons* claim a loud Applauſe)
Weeps, breaks her ruſty Chiſſel and withdraws.

The thoughtleſs Rich on roſy Beds repoſe,
With downy-finger'd Sloth their Eyes to cloſe;
The Hand quite unemploy'd, and mute the Tongue,
Like idle Lutes in muſty Caſes hung:
Man grows fatigu'd with even Paths and plain,
Life ſweeteſt taſtes diverſify'd with Pain;
The Table-Diamond ſhines not half ſo bright,
As brilliant Angles rich with varied Light.
Should Fortune frown, her Favourite's Viſions ceaſe,
His Soul ſtarts conſcious from the Bands of Eaſe;
Adverſity to Action wakes his Worth,
And gives each hidden Talent, Life and Birth.

So

So when bleak Winter ſtrips the mournful Trees,
The Traveller, Towns, Temples, *Villa's* ſees,
That in warm Spring inviſible had ſtood,
Too deeply boſom'd in the branching Wood.

ON

WOMEN.

I.

THREE Talents to the Fair belong,
Beauty, Cunning, and a Tongue;
By which Men loſe theſe other Three,
Reaſon, Time, and Liberty:
Great is th' Advantage when their Pow'r they try,
In killing thoſe that ſtill deſire to die.

II.

What triple Panoply, my Friend,
From Beauty's Darts can Souls defend?
Tho' ſullen *Satan* never lov'd,
Yet this unlucky Truth he prov'd,

That Man by Woman might be manag'd beſt,
He ruin'd *Eve*, ſo left to her the reſt.

III.

Yet, partial Muſe, forbear to blame
The Fair for this increaſing Flame;
Each Lover is their eaſy Prey,
And thoſe who will be Captives may:
The Loſs is ſure that with Deſire is ſought,
We know the Snare, yet labour to be caught.

IV.

No Wonder then old *Mico*'s Breaſt,
At Sixty-five is ſtill poſſeſt;
Cupid in Time grows paſt Controul,
Enthron'd within our inmoſt Soul;
For Love's a Charm that ne'er can be undone,
While thus th' Inchanted raſhly help it on.

AN

ODE,

Written in a Grotto near Farnham *in* Surry, *call'd* LUDLOW's Cave.

I.

CLOSE in this deep Retreat
O coolly let me ſit,
Shelter'd from the ſulſry Day!
Sirius and *Sol* with burning Beams
So ſtrike the gaſping Fields below,
That not an Ox is heard to low,
Or little Warbler from his Throat
To pour the ſweetly-winding Note.

II.

The Nymphs that keep this circling Wood,
And beauteous *Naïads* of the neighb'ring Flood,
With their Dew-dropping Hair,
Oft to this unadorned Cave repair,
To dance and trip it in a Round
On the ſmooth and hallow'd Ground;
And ſay—"That *Dian*'s Grott, and *Thetis*' Bow'rs,
"Muſt yield in Coolneſs and in Shade to our's."—

III.

'Twas Here, as old Traditions tell,
A wither'd Witch was wont to dwell;
The magic Mutterings of whoſe Voice could call
A thouſand Dæmons from their darkſome Hall,
Bid haſte the wild Winds from their Northern Caves,
Obſcure the Moon, and rouſe the roaring Waves:

Here

Here Lud, retiring from fierce Battle came,
And from his Helmet quaff'd the cooling Stream;
Leant on his Spear, unrein'd his foamy Steed,
To paſture on the green, refreſhful Mead.

IV.

Here what a ſolemn Silence reigns,
Save the Tinklings of a Rill,
That guſhing from the hollow Hill,
Penſive, as it runs, complains.
But hark! methinks a Spirit ſpeaks,
A Voice from the remoteſt Caverns breaks;——
" From the vain World learn, Mortal, to retire,
" With true Ambition to high Heav'n aſpire;
" Grandeur and Glory trifling Hearts trepan,
" Theſe Toys diſdain, for Virtue makes the Man."—

V.

Let me therefore ever dwell,
In this twilight, ſolemn Cell,
For muſing Melancholy made,
Whoſe Entrance venerable Oaks o'erſhade,
And whoſe Roof that lowly bends,
With awful Gloom my ſerious Thoughts befriends:
Here let me dwell,
'Till Death ſhall ſay—" Thy Cavern leave,
" Change it for a darker Grave."

TO A
FRIEND,
On his MARRIAGE.

WHEN *Peleus* wedded on *Theſſalia*'s Plain,
The ſilver-footed Regent of the Main,
The Gods came flocking to the Nuptial Feaſt,
Each left his Nectar to be *Peleus*' Gueſt;
Jove laid his Scepter and his Thunders by,
In Amber Clouds deſcending from the Sky;
While *Juno* ſat all-blooming by his Side,
With Charms like thoſe which for the Apple vy'd;
Next, gayly-dancing, Hand in Hand there came,
The Vine-crown'd Youth, and Laughter-loving Dame;

Nor abſent was the Trident-bearing God,
In Coral Chariot o'er the Waves he rode,
Bad the fierce Whirlwinds in their Caverns ſleep,
And Calmneſs ſmile upon the glaſſy Deep;
Laſt came, prepar'd the Bridal Joys to tell,
Each green-rob'd Nereïd with her chorded Shell:
A Band of heav'nly Virtues, far more bright
Than fabled Gods, to grace this Pair delight;
Faith, pure-ey'd Nymph in ſnow-white Robes array'd,
Meek *Modeſty* of every Eye afraid;
Honour with manly Front erect, appears,
Hymen, an ever-blazing Torch who bears,
And *Love* great God of Raptures——not the Boy
Who blindly wont to favour guilty Joy,

But

But who preſiding o'er chaſte Marriage-Hours,
All the ſoft Luxury of Fondneſs pours,
While no harſh Jars the mutual Bliſs controul,
But Wiſh meets Wiſh, and Soul cements to Soul.
Hail, happy Pair! may ne'er your Pleaſures ceaſe,
May heart-felt Paſſion with your Years increaſe!

Go, trifling Wits, inſipidly deride
The conſtant Huſband, and the tender Bride;
Rail at the real Bliſs ye never knew,
Grow impotent and rotten in a Stew.

THE SONG of *JUDITH*,

Paraphras'd from the APOCRYPHA.

BEGIN the Song! to GOD the Timbrels ſtrike,
Tune a new Pſalm, and let *Jehovah*'s Name
Dreadfully glorious, from the Chorus burſt
In full harmonious Majeſty of Praiſe!

The Warrior's Proweſs, and the Battle's Rage
GOD breaks and withers; his almighty Arm,
Shield, of the Righteous, in black Midnight's Shade,
In Safety led me thro' ſurrounding Hoſts.

Aſſyria from the North her People pour'd
Lords of the rugged Mountains; Armies fraught

With

With Thouſands and ten Thouſands, as they paſs'd,
Hid the high Hills, and ſtopt the Torrent-Floods.

Where are the Boaſts of Vengeance, Spoils, and Deaths!
What-time they long'd to ſee my blooming Fields,
Smoak under Volumes of the fierceſt Flames
In ſad Illumination; and to tear
The wondering Infant from the Mother's Breaſt
Huſh'd into ſoft Repoſe, and on the Stones
Daſh pityleſs: in vain they wiſh'd to tread
On mangled Youths, from the fond Huſband's Side
Snatch the young Bride, and mad with lawleſs Luſt
To make the violated Virgin ſhriek:
For lo! th' almighty Lord in Glory thron'd,
Girded with Strength, hath ſhewn his matchleſs Pow'r,

And

And deign'd to ſend a weak Vicegerent forth,
To cruſh their Inſolence. No youthful Hoſt,
Or towering *Titan*'s Sons, with brawny Arms,
And Strength unquell'd, no Giant-Warrior ſtrode
To the rough Combat, but a tender Maid
The ſoft-ey'd *Judith*, with her beauteous Form
O'ercame the rugged Hero, nor could Rage
Unmelted ſtand the Lightning of her Eye!

'Twas then unmindful of her private Grief,
When *Iſrael* mourn'd, the Widow's ſable Garb
She caſt away, and with the choiceſt Oils
Her Limbs anointed, call'd forth every Smile,
And every latent Grace, in Order bound
The braided Ringlets of her golden Hair,
Deckt in the brighteſt Robe her Form, and ſhone

In all the Charms of Nature and of Art.
How did the captivated Hero gaze
At every matchleſs Feature, gaz'd and ſigh'd
By Turns, and own'd that all his Soul was Love!
That Inſtant in her Hands the Faulchion graſp'd
The female Warriour, and vigorous Stroke
Sever'd the haughty Satrap's Head. The *Mede*
At this aſtonied ſtood, the *Perſian* Bands
In fearful Wonder aſk; What God unſeen
Such Pow'r beſtow'd, and ſteel'd a Woman's Heart.
Not ſo revenging *Iſrael*—ev'ry Child
Of Sorrow ſtarts into unuſual Shouts
Of Joy and Gratulation. *Aſſur* bears
The fearful Tidings thro' his weeping Camp,
And trembles: But victorious *Iſrael* cries,
"*Purſue, Purſue!*"—The Lord in Battle ſtrong

Nerv'd

Nerv'd every Arm, and urg'd the vigorous Hoſt,
Till ſudden Death o'ertook the *Painim* Bands
Diſcomfited and fal'n, and all the Plains
Float with Effuſions of *Aſſyrian* Blood.

Hence will I praiſe my GOD! high-thron'd in Heav'n,
Invincible in Strength and Pow'r; who ſaid,
Let all Things be,—and all Things were.—Whoſe Touch
The Mountains and the Waters fly; whoſe Breath
Melts the hard Rock like Wax! yet ev'n this GOD
So great and glorious, deigns to bend his Ear,
To liſten to the meek Man's Pray'r, and joins
Mercy with Terror, Tenderneſs with Pow'r.

What

What Off'rings can we pay to ſuch a God,
What Incenſe can aſcend to Heav'n, or Lamb
Be worthily accepted! yet an Heart
Pure and unſpotted will the Lord receive
Well-pleas'd, and wrap it in eternal Peace.

But Wo! to thoſe who meditating Wrongs
And Violence to *Iſrael*, ſlay her Sons
Or ſpoil her Lands: *Jehovah*'s Self ſhall come
At the laſt vengeful Judgment, and ſhall ſay
Before his dread Tribunal—Hence to Hell
Ye Grinders of my People, there to feel
Th' undying Worm, to mourn, to toſs, to yell,
Roll'd in a Deluge of ſulphureous Flame!

A

PARAPHRASE

On the 65*th* PSALM.

TO Thee, *Jehovah*, grateful *Sion* ſings,
And with thy Praiſe thy holy City rings;
To Thee, from Heav'n O pitifully bow,
Mankind prefers an univerſal Vow!
The Snares of Sin againſt my Soul prevail,
A contrite Spirit let thy Mercy heal!
Bleſt is the ſpotleſs Man who dwells with Thee,
The Treaſures of thy Temple ſhall he ſee,
Be wrapt in Bliſs, and in thy own Abode,
Enjoy the fulleſt Glories of his GOD.
What Wonders ſhall the Lord of Sabaoth ſhew,
The great Salvation of the World below!

Who

Who with his Strength the Lands in Safety keeps,
And all that ſee his Wonders in the Deeps,
Fait the Foundations of the Mountains joins,
And girds about with Pow'r his mighty Loins!
He ſpeaks—the Tumults of the People ceaſe—
He nods—the raging Ocean ſinks to Peace—
Thy Tokens dart Amazement to the Soul,
And all the Nations fear from Pole to Pole!
Thee with a fiercer or a fainter Ray,
The Morn and Evening praiſe, the Night and Day!—

God from his copious Rivers Plenty pours,
Cloaths the luxuriant Earth with balmy Flow'rs,
Bathes in ſoft genial Dews the tender Root,
And loads the gladſome Year with golden Fruit;

From vernal Skies abundant Bounty ſends,
And luſcious Fatneſs from his Clouds deſcends;
Hence fragrant Greens the pathleſs Wild o'erſpread,
For Joy the little Hills exalt their Head,
The crowded Folds with num'rous Bleats reſound,
And the full Valleys laugh and ſing and ſhout around.

STANZAS,

Imitated from PSALM CXIX.

I.

SAY, how ſhall thoughtleſs, eaſy-natur'd Youth,
Be pure from all the Stains their Follies give?
O let them learn the ſober Law of Truth,
Know thy Rewards, and anſwerably live.

II.

Full of this Hope I ſeek thee, deareſt Lord,
And leſt the Foe once more my Soul ſhould win,
Deep in my Heart I treaſure up thy Word,
A conſtant Guard againſt the Charms of Sin.

III.

How am I pleas'd when Joy, and Faith, and Awe,
Strive which shall most employ my various Tongue,
That loves to dwell on All thy wond'rous Law,
Guide of my Life, and Subject of my Song!

IV.

Now Fame or Pleasure, or the wealthy East,
May tempt indeed—but never shall remove,
The lively Zeal that burns within my Breast,
Thy Name to honour, and thy Law to love.

III.

ODE.

I.

TO tinkling Brooks, to twilight Shades,
To defert Proſpects, rough and rude,
With youthful Rapture firſt I ran,
Enamour'd of ſweet Solitude.

II.

On Beauty next I wond'ring gaz'd,
Too ſoon my ſupple Heart was caught;
An Eye, a Breaſt, a Lip, a Shape,
Was all I talk'd of, all I thought.

III.

Next, by the ſmiling Muſes led,
On *Pindus* laurell'd Top I dream,
Talk with old Bards, and liſtening hear
The Warbles of th' inchanting Stream.

IV.

Then, *Harmony* and *Picture* came
Twin-nymphs my Senſe to entertain,
By Turns my Eye, my Ear was caught,
With *Raphael*'s Stroke and *Handel*'s Strain.

V.

At laſt, ſuch various Pleaſures prov'd,
All cloying, vain, unmanly found,
Sweet for a Time as Morning-Dew,
Yet Parents of ſome painful Wound;

VI.

Humbly I aſk'd great *Wiſdom*'s Aid
To true Delight to lead my Feet;
When thus the Goddeſs whiſpering ſaid,
" Virtue alone is Bliſs compleat."

Written in a Lady's WATCH-CASE.

I.

BEauteous Machine! let Love thy Movements guide,
Whilſt envy'd thou ſhalt grace *Aurelia*'s Side!
'Tis thine to pleaſe each Hour—a Taſk how great!
Which *Cupid* thus inſtructs thee to compleat.

II.

When the Nymph kindly mourns her Shepherd gone,
Whirl all thy little Wheels, and urge them ſwiftly on:
The Nymph deceiv'd with thy officious Haſte,
Shall ſmile to ſee that Time can fly ſo faſt.

III.

But at the Swain's Return O ſlack thy Pace,
And ſlowly linger round thy figur'd Race:

She ne'er can deem too short the Shepherd's Stay,
When, like great *Juno*, thou shalt lengthen out the
Day.

IV.

So mayst Thou sooth her Woes, her Joys improve,
Thy self directed by the God of Love;
And *Beaux* and *Belles* with Wonder shall declare,
That *Cupid nicks* with nicer Art than *Quare*.

ON A
BEAUTY *with ill Qualities.*

I.

MISTAKEN Nature here has join'd
A beauteous Face and ugly Mind;
In vain the faultleſs Features ſtrike,
When Soul and Body are unlike;
Pity, thoſe ſnowy Breaſts ſhould hide,
Deceit, and Avarice, and Pride.

II.

So in rich Jars from *China* brought,
With glowing Colours gayly wrought,
Oft-times the ſubtle Spider dwells,
With ſecret Venom bloated ſwells,
Weaves all his fatal Nets within,
As unſuſpected, as unſeen.

AN AMERICAN LOVE-ODE.

Taken from the Second Volume of Montagne's Eſſays.

I.

STAY, ſtay, thou lovely, fearful Snake,
Nor hide thee in yon darkſome Brake:
But let me oft thy Charms review,
Thy glittering Scales, and golden Hue;
From theſe a Chaplet ſhall be wove,
To grace the Youth I deareſt love.

II.

Then Ages hence, when thou no more,
Shalt creep along the ſunny Shore,

Thy

Thy copy'd Beauties ſhall be ſeen;

Thy Red and Azure mix'd with Green,

In mimic Folds thou ſhalt diſplay:——

Stay, lovely, fearful Adder ſtay.

Second EPODE of *HORACE* imitated.

HAPPY the Man who free from Cares and Strife,
(Such was the calm primæval State of Life)
Securely ploughs his Fields and ancient Seat,
Fix'd in th' Indulgence of propitious Fate:
Him nor loud Trumpet's Clangors rouſe to Arms,
Nor the fierce Deep's tempeſtuous Rage alarms;
He ſhuns the Bar, the Pride and empty State
That gilds the glittering Palace of the Great.
Now, pleaſing Toil, the wanton-wreathing Vines
In ſoft Embraces to the Poplar joins;
To prune his barren Boughs his Hand employs;
Or diſtant-bleating Herds with ſilent Joys

His raviſht Eye contemplates, wand'ring wide
On a green Valley's wood-incircled Side.
From his preſt Combs fat Streams ambroſial flow,
While fleecy Flocks their uſeful Pride beſtow.
When ripe *Autumnus* bluſhes in the Fields,
Crown'd with the Fruits his own Luxuriance yields,
What Joys he feels to pluck the pendant Pear,
Nurſt with his own kind Hand's aſſiduous Care!
Or purple, livid Grapes, the ſweet Reward
Of old *Sylvanus*, his gay Garden's Guard:
Beneath yon' Oak's impenetrable Shade,
On Mantle green of the Moſaïc Mead,
His languid Limbs he ſhelters from the Heat,
While Nightingales their luſcious Lays repeat:
And the ſhrill Brook in Nature's Concert flows,
That courts and lulls the Soul to ſoft Repoſe:

But when the Rage of Tyrant-Winter low'rs
Big with tumultuous Winds, and frozen Show'rs,
He ruſhes to the Chace with ſprightly Hounds,
While the fierce Boar his Spear impetuous Wounds;
Or careful ſpreads his Net, deluſive Lure,
The greedy Thruſh unheedful to ſecure:
Or captivates the Crane, or timorous Hares,
Or Engines for the Felon-Fox prepares.
Theſe mild Amuſements calm the troubled Breaſt,
Parents of Mirth and Health, Content and Reſt.
Mean while her deſtin'd Part the Wife employs,
Wreath'd in th' Embraces of her blooming Boys;
Chaſte as a *Sabine*, or *Appulian* Dame;
She wraps aſpiring Piles in chearful Flame;
With fondling Smiles receives her weary Spouſe,
For whom ſhe ſpread her Feaſts, and deck'd her Houſe:

Then milky Streams from ſwelling Dugs are roll'd
That Herds afford within th' incircling Fold;
From fragrant Caſks rich Wines profuſely flow,
And with domeſtic Cheer an eaſy Feaſt beſtow.
Nor me the Tarbott or the Scarr delight,
Nor Oyſters, fair *Lucrina*'s Pride, invite,
Whom Winter's Fury to *Italia*'s Main
Drives loudly thund'ring on the ſtormy Plain;
Nor the plump Partridge, ſoft voluptuous Bait,
Or Quails that ſwell the Banquets of the Great,
Than turgid Olives more allure my Taſte,
Whoſe Boughs with fat Profuſion bend oppreſt;
Or looſening Mallows ſalutary Juice,
Or Sorrel ſweet, that lowly Meads produce,
Or reſcued from the Wolf a play-full Lamb;
(Tho' much I grieve to hear the plaintive Dam.)

Amidſt

Amidſt this Luxury, what ſweet Delight
To watch the joyful Flocks Return at Night!
To ſee the weary Oxen's lowing Train,
Whoſe languid Necks th' inverted Plow ſuſtain,
And Swains that ſwarm around the gloſſy Hearth,
In Innocence of Joy and rural Mirth.

I.

A

PARAPHRASE

ON THE

13th ODE of the 3d Book of *HORACE:*

Addreſs'd to Miſs Oglethorpes. 1705.

I.

WHILE *Sol* with thee, dear Fountain, plays,
O ſtay and liſten to thy Praiſe!
Then ſtealing ſoft with ſilver Flight,
Outſhine the poliſh'd Cryſtal's beamy Light.

II.

Yon' ſunny Mountain's richeſt Wine,
Shall mix his noble Juice with thine,

Each

Each Bowl ſhall with thoſe Flow'rs be crown'd
Whoſe Bloſſoms blow thy beauteous Banks around.

III.

The young Kid too that *Flavia* loves,
That harmleſs o'er her Grotto roves,
That Kid which her fair Fingers feed,
A ſpotleſs Victim to thy Stream ſhall bleed.

IV.

His budding Horns in Shoots appear,
The Promiſes of Love and War,
In vain! the Wanton's glowing Blood
With purple Streaks ſhall marble all the Flood.

V.

Thy Coolneſs chears the wither'd Plain,
And *Sirius* burns the Field in vain;

When Beasts in Moans, expressive, grieve,
Thy frigid Waves the pining Herds relieve.

VI.

Lambs dance around thy bubbling Urn,
And whiter from thy Flood return,
There Birds their feathery Beauties see,
And sing and dress their painted Plumes by Thee.

VII.

Look, how this Oak, itself a Grove,
Lifts high his hundred Arms above;
How thick the tufted Moss below,
Thro' which thy prattling Waters fall and flow!

VIII.

O Nymphs, tho' I unequal sing,
Yet thus adorn'd this humble Spring,
With noblest Fountains ranks its Name,
While You reign each a Naïad of the Stream.

A

FRAGMENT *of a* SATIRE.

SHALL eſſenc'd Coxcombs who from Toilettes come,
Strut, and ſqueak Nonſenſe in the Drawing-room,
Sagacious Critics of a Knot or Fan,
Soft *Sporus's*, faint Images of Man,
All form'd of Nature's tend'reſt, Porcelain Stuff,
Their ſnowy Fingers ſhelter'd by the Muff,
Heroes for Sonnets, but unfit for Fights,
Herds of emaſculated *Sybarites*,
Shall painted Inſects, buſy buzzing Things,
In Armies riſe and Favour gain from Kings?
While wounded Veterans obſcurely mourn,
And *S——r* ſees Lawrels from his Temples torn?

O courtly *Atticus*, my Warmth you blame,
Unconſcious of the glowing Patriot's Flame:
I feel, I feel, its kindling Raptures rowl,
From Pleaſures and from Buſineſs ſteal my Soul,
And while it ſtrongly in my Boſom beats,
No more I rove collecting claſſic Sweets,
Nor warlike *Homer*'s well-fought Battles warm,
Nor Fairy Foreſts of wild *Spenſer* charm;
No more I weep while awful *Tragedy*
Like *Sophocles* array'd comes ſtalking by,
(Leading ill-fated *Oedipus* the Blind,
Or the lame * Wretch in deſert drear confin'd)
Nor in mild *Maro*'s Groves and Grotts rejoice,
Nor *Doric* † Shepherd's ſweetly-ſimple Voice,

* *Philoctetes.* † *Theocritus.*

No

No more convey'd by *Pindar*'s rapid Song,
I ſee great *Theron*'s Car victorious whirl along,
Nor crown'd with Grapes with gay *Anacreon* laid
Beneath a Plantane praiſe ſome beauteous Maid,
But oft reſounding in my trembling Ear,
Methinks my Country's dying Groans I hear.

Riſe, Satire, riſe; 'tis ſinful to be mute:
The Muſe ſhould whirl a Dart, not tune a Lute;
Gigantic Vice, beyond huge *Tityus*' Size,
Enormous Growth! o'er half *Britannia* lies;
O let my Satire on its Vitals feaſt,
Like the fierce Eagle on that *Tityus*' Breaſt!

Yet Oh! what Hero Folly can confound?
The dull, lethargic Villain feels no Wound:

Culprits, like poiſonous Adders deaf, we find:
In *Biſcay*'s Bay who chides the raging Wind?
Such callous Hearts to no Impreſſion yield,
All-guarded with Corruption's ſeven-fold Shield;
Unſtung by Shame, and reſolute in Ill;
Vice is a *Python Phœbus* ne'er can kill:
Heedleſs of Satire, Sin perſiſts to reign,
As Curfews bid us leave our Fires in vain;
Poets, and Setting-Dogs, one Taſk employs,
Each *points* at Knaves or Birds, but ne'er *de-*
ſtroys;
What tho' you ſweat, complain, and rail, and
write,
The mad, luxurious Town ſins on for Spite.
Could *Boileau* to reform a Nation hope?
A *Sodom* can't be mended by a *Pope*.

To cleanſe th' *Augëan* Stable tho' you toil,
Still Virtue yields to * *Heidegger* and † *Hoyle*;
Still *Britons* (Juſtice, Freedom, Conſcience ſold)
Own the ſupreme Omnipotence of Gold.

* The firſt of theſe Gentlemen was the Introducer and Manager of Maſquerades in this Kingdom, to the great and irreparable Depravation of *Engliſh* Morals.

† And the latter by writing upon the Game of *Whiſt*, in a Mathematical and Scientifical Method, (than which nothing could be more pompouſly abſurd) extremely promoted the deſtructive Practiſe of Gaming.

Carmen Paraphraſticum in Eccle-ſiaſtici Caput XLIIIum.

DÆdaleam Mundi Molem quâ condidit Arte
Omnipotens, Rerumque inſtruxit divite cultû!
Quantus mane novâ Sol Carcere miſſus Eöo
Emicat, & læti pandit per cærula Cœli
Purpureum Jubar, & pallentes diſcutit Umbras!
Per matutino canentia Rore Vireta
Continuò Pecudum ſaltat laſciva Propago,
Et liquido Volucres latè Nemora avia mulcent
Concentû, ridetque inſueto Lumine Tellus.

At ſummâ Cœli cum Sol dominatur in Arce,
Non ultrà videas lætari Armenta per Herbas
Arentes; Sylvæ ſilucre; & languidus Æſtû
Antra petit viridi Paſtor ſtillantia Muſco.

Quin

Quin cum tantus Honos, cum tanta Potentia Soli
eſt,
Vi majore viget Deus, & graviore ſuperbit
Numine, qui Solem poſuit, juſſitque perennem
Ire redire Viam per Cœli immania Templa.

Ille etiam Lunam nitidâ Face juſſit obire
Nocturnas vigilem Excubias, fidamque Labores
Maluit alternos certum renovare per Orbem.
Non illâ ſignum Cœlo formoſius alto
Suſpicitur, circum pandant utcunque Cohortes,
Fulgentes Stellarum Exercitus Ordine vaſto,
Et Luce effuſâ cœleſtia conſerat Arva.

Aſpice quo puras ſubtexit Lumine Nubes,
Obliquo ſtringens humentia Prata Nitore

Veſpere

Veſpere ſub verno, centumque Coloribus ardet
Purpureus Jovis Arcus, & amplo amplectitur Orbe
Ætherëos Tractus, atque obſidet undique Cœlum!
Scilicet ipſe Deus tanto Curvamine juſſit
Effundi, ingentique Manû per Concava flexit.

Quis potis eſt dignum pollenti Pectore Carmen
Condere pro Rerum Majeſtate, hiſque peractis?
Quiſve valet Verbis tantùm ut laudare *Jehovam*
Pro Meritis tentet?—Quis Cœlorum intima vidit
Quà Solio radiante nitet Deus? infinitum
Pingere quî poſſet Numen Sermonis Egeſtas
Humani, mortalis Citharæque infracta Loquela?

A

RUNIC ODE:

Taken from the

Second Volume of Sir William Temple's MISCELLANIES.

ARGUMENT.

Regner Ladbrog, *a King of one of the Northern Nations, being mortally ſtung by a Viper, before the Venom had reach'd his Vitals, broke out into the following Verſes.*

I.

YES—'tis decreed my Sword no more
Shall ſmoke and bluſh with hoſtile Gore;
To my great Father's Feaſts I go,
Where luſcious Wines for ever flow,

Which

Which from the hollow Sculls we drain,
Of Kings in furious Combat slain.

II.

Death, to the Brave a bleſt Reſort,
Brings us to awful *Odin*'s Court;
Where with old Warriors mix'd we dwell,
Recount our Wounds, our Triumphs tell;
Me, will they own as bold a Gueſt,
As e'er in Battle bar'd my Breaſt;

Y

Another,

Another, on the ſame SUBJECT.

AT length appears the wiſh'd-for Night,
When my glad Soul ſhall take her Flight;
Tremble my Limbs, my Eye-balls ſtart,
The Venom's buſy at my Heart.
Hark! how the ſolemn * Siſters call,
And point aloft to *Odin*'s Hall!
I come, I come, prepare full Bowls,
Fit Banquet for heroic Souls:
What's Life?—I ſcorn this idle Breath,
I ſmile in the Embrace of Death!

* Call'd by the *Goths*, *Dyſæ*.

VERA FELICITAS.

QUA frondens Ilex annosâ amplectitur Umbrâ
Congestum Culmen Cespite, Pastor agit,
Non illum Populi Fasces, non Purpura tangit,
Non Regum cæco Vulnere torquet Honos:
Mane novâ properat per Campos Rore vigentes,
Et clausas alacri Voce revisit Oves:
Mox æstum vitat sub Ramis Arboris altæ,
Quà viridem pandit roscida Ripa Torum.
Pocula sunt liquidi Fontes, Lymphæque salubres,
Inque levi instruitur Gramine prompta Dapes.
Nunc vacuam argutâ solatur Arundine Mentem,
Nunc Musco in molli Membra Sopore levat:

Donec

Donec oves tandem conſtructa ad Ovilia ſparſas
Cogere, tranquilli Veſperis Hora monet.
Jamque aures vario permulſus Murmure, læto
Corde, humilem repetit nota per Arva Larem:
Hunc Opibus ditet Fortuna benignior amplis,
Maluerit ſolitæ Limina fida Caſæ.

ODE
TO
SLEEP.

I.

O Gentle, feather-footed *Sleep*,
In drowſy Dews my Temples ſteep;
Softly waving o'er my Head,
Thy Care-beguiling Rod of Lead!
O leave thy Bed of downy Pow'rs,
And waken all thy dewy Pow'rs,
And wafted on the ſilent Wing,
The Dreams, thy little People bring!

II.

Let ſobbing Grief, and midnight Feaſt,
Comus, and loudly-laughing *Jeſt*,
Never near my Couch appear,
Nor whiſtling Whirlwinds wound my Ear,
In Heav'n's avenging Anger ſent,
To ſhake the ſhatter'd Battlement,
From whence the melancholy Owl,
To wake the Wolf is wont to howl:

III.

But whiſpering Show'rs from off the Eaves,
Softly dripping on the Leaves,
Mix'd with the mildly-ſtirring Wind,
Shall woo to reſt my weary Mind;

Now *Silence* o'er the midnight Ground,
Slowly walks his ſolemn Round,
In Mead or Foreſt, Dale or Hill,
Commanding Nature to be ſtill.

IV.

Kind *Somnus*, from the lofty Dome
To my low Cottage deign to come,
Leave murd'rous Tyrants' ſilken Beds,
No Poppies pour on guilty Heads,
While wailing Ghoſts their Slumbers break,
That round their trembling Curtains ſhriek,
While Thoughts of many a Wretch oppreſt,
With Terror tear the troubled Breaſt.

V.

Cramm'd with diſtreſsful Bread, the Hind
With weary Limbs and vacant Mind,

By

By buzzing Night-Flies huſht, requires

No lulling Sounds from *Lydian* Lyres;

Rock'd on the high and giddy Maſt,

Regardleſs of the wint'ry Blaſt,

How happy the wet Sea-boy lies,

While ſweeteſt Slumbers ſeal his Eyes.

VI.

Such Joys the virtuous Boſom crown,

While Kings and Stateſmen toſs on Down:

Somnus, to me ſuch Joys impart,

Balm of hurt Minds, O ſooth my Heart:

Lapt in the Folds of ſoft Repoſe,

We loſe our Labours, Pangs, and Woes;

Thy opiate Influence we bleſs,

Parent of Forgetfulneſs!

VII.

Place me, kind God, in lively Dream,
Near ſmooth *Iliſſus'* winding Stream,
In Olive-ſhade, with raviſht Ear,
While *Plato's* Voice I ſeem to hear:
Or from the green, *Athenian* Mead
To the high *Roman* Forum lead,
Where *Tully's* Tongue with Force divine
Confounds pale, trembling *Catiline*,

TO

Mr. *ADDISON*,

Occaſioned by his Return from Hanover *with the Lord* Halifax.

Written 1706.

O For a Muſe of Fire and lofty Style,
To hail Thee welcome to thy native Soil!
Juſt Art is to my infant Muſe unknown,
Let then the Subject for the Verſe attone.

Int'reſt, that fickle Weathercock of State,
As Party prompts extorts or Praiſe or Hate;
True, Sterling Merit Prejudice outweighs,
Unblemiſht Worth claims univerſal Praiſe;

Your Favourite's juſt Encomium you may boaſt,

Since Factions ſtrive who ſhall applaud you moſt.

Amaz'd we ſee your finiſht Lines impart,

At once the Hero's and the Poet's Art:

How nervous ev'ry Line, and yet how ſweet!

Th' harmonious Whole how ev'ry where compleat!

Tho' bold, correct and poliſht is thy Song,

Sublime, yet eaſy; elegant, yet ſtrong:

The beauteous Graces ſearcht all Nature round,

At length accompliſht *Addiſon* they found;

There happy in a proper Manſion reſt,

And make a Temple of his tuneful Breaſt.

Methinks I ſee great *Philip*'s greater Son,

And hear him wiſh *Achilles*' Fate his own;

With Envy he admires th' immortal Man,
And Emulation boils in ev'ry Vein;
Happy (ſays He) who ſuch high Praiſe receiv'd,
And eterniz'd in ſacred *Homer* liv'd.

But happier *Marlbrô*, when fierce Winters come,
And *Anna* calls her conquering Hero home;
Finds here your Muſe his matchleſs Acts rehearſe,
While *Danube* choakt with Dead o'erflows the mighty Verſe;
He more than ſees what you ſo warmly write,
And gladly thinks himſelf again in Fight;
Again his Sword, imperial Gift, unſheaths,
And dauntleſs all around diſtributes Deaths,
With ſecret Pleaſure vanquiſhes again,
A ſecond *Blenheim* boaſts, a more compleat Campaign.

Nor is great *Addiſon* confin'd to War,
His copious Muſe makes ſofter Themes his Care;
By Him deſcrib'd our Bards diſtinguiſht ſhine,
In Him alone their mingled Talents join.

When *Ovid*'s moving Muſe his Verſe inſpires,
Himſelf has what in *Dryden* he admires;
In all ſo juſt, ſo eaſy too in all,
That Art and Nature mutually prevail:
Your Style, Souls, Thoughts, and Numbers ſo agree,
You're his Interpreter no more, but He.

How can we *Maro*'s labouring Bees forget,
Each happy Word is as their Honey ſweet!

Your Courſe unwearied you our *Phœbus* run,
And Oh like Him retire, and leave us oft alone!
We mourn your Abſence, when We read in You,
What All admire, what's follow'd but by Few,
And by None equal'd——but thy *Montague!*
With him *Germania*'s wondering States you ſee,
The bleſt *Achates* of his Embaſſy.
Heſperian Fields have once enjoy'd you too,
That much to *Virgil* owe, but more to You:
Thus *Homer* travel'd, thus where-e'er he came,
Contending Cities ow'd to Him their Fame;
As you his Art, you may their Strife revive,
And for your Birth more than ſeven Cities ſtrive.

O leave no more, great Man, thy native Land,
Thy *Rhedycina*'s Tears her Son demand;

Oft I frequent the *Cherwell*'s winding Stream,
Make That my *Helicon*, and You my Theme.
How pleas'd I ſeek the ſolemn Shades alone,
And ſay, Here ſung harmonious *Addiſon*:
Beneath this Oak in Summer-noons has ſtood,
Lay on this Bank attentive to the Flood.
As the fond Nymph ſoon finds by conſcious Flame,
The wounded Tree that bears her Lover's Name,
So Bards by Inſtinct led, frequent this Scene,
Nor barely know, but feel where you have been.

Monarch of Poets! while ſuch Bliſs I boaſt,
My Muſe is in tumultuous Rapture loſt:
Tranſported with a Patriot-Poet's Worth,
But Language fails to give th' Ideas Birth.

From the Thirteenth ODE *of the Second* BOOK *of* HORACE.

Proſerpine's Empire glimmer'd o'er my Sight,
And dim *Elyzium* ſhed a faint Delight;
Where *Sappho's* bleſt! who warbling plaintive Strains,
Melodious of her Country-Maids complains;
Alcæus too, who ſings of Flight and War,
Whoſe ſwelling Lyre to deeper Rage would dare;
In ſacred Silence chain'd, the Ghoſts around,
Aſtoniſht ſtare, and hang upon the Sound;
Of Kings depos'd the Throngs rejoice to hear,
And liſt'ning drink the Warblings in their Ear;
What Wonder? ſince the triple-headed Beaſt,
Starting—lops down his Ears; and lull'd to Reſt,
Erinnys' Serpents ſleep upon her Breaſt.

Nor

Nor now the wonted Chaſe *Orion* heeds,
Nor now beneath his Hand the Lion bleeds,
The Sorrow-ſoothing Sounds *Prometheus* pleaſe,
And *Tantalus* delude, and ſoften into Eaſe.

VERSES

VERSES

LEFT ON

A Lady's TOILETTE.

WHY will young *Flavia*, all-accomplisht Fair,
Curl, powder, ſtick with Gems her jetty Hair?
Swell with a Hoop her painted Peacock-Tail,
Big as a vaulted Dome, or bellying Sail?
Why twinkle Diamonds on that ſnowy Breaſt,
Why are thoſe faultleſs Limbs in Velvets dreſt?
Let *Beſtia* patch and trick her out with Art,
In Crape or Cotton Beauty ſtrikes the Heart:
What if too Gold adorn the artleſs Frame,
A *Titian*'s glowing Tints are ſtill the ſame;

Rich

Rich Spice ne'er loſes its Perfumes or Sweets,
Tho' wrapt in dull *Lauraſter*'s Birthday Sheets:
Arts that embelliſh Life none diſcommend,
If duly check'd to no Exceſs they tend:
The Peer ſhould differ from groſs, unbred Swain,
Gay, but not glittering; polite, but plain.
Thus *Raphael* joins Simplicity with Grace,
Beauteous, not glaring is each Limb and Face,
While artleſs Dawbers think they gain the Prize,
Who tire with Gems and Silks the dazled Eyes.

THE GLUTTON.

FAT, pamper'd *Porus*, eating for Renown,
In Soups and Sauces melts his Manors down;
Regardleſs of his Heirs, with mortgag'd Lands,
Buys Hecatombs of Fiſh and Ortolans;
True Judge of Merit, moſt diſdainful looks
On Chiefs and Patriots when compar'd to Cooks;
With what Delight Pigs whipt to Death he crams,
Or fatten'd Frogs, or Eſſences of Hams;
For fifty thouſand Tongues of Peacocks ſighs,
Mix'd with the Brains of Birds of Paradiſe;
Loud ring the Glaſſes, powder'd Footmen run,
He eats, drinks, ſurfeits, ſtill eats, is undone!

Sees the ſwoln Glutton in terrific State,
Behind his Chair what dire Diſeaſes wait?
There tottering *Gout*, and white-tongu'd *Fever* ſtand,
Big *Dropſy*, with full Goblets in his Hand,
Aſthma thick-panting for ſhort Gaſps of Breath,
And *Apoplexy*, fierceſt Friend of Death.
Sweeter the lonely Hermit's ſimple Food,
Who in lone Caves, or near the ruſhy Flood,
With eager Appetite, at early Hours,
From maple Diſh ſalubrious Herbs devours:
Soft drowſy Dews at Eve his Temples ſteep,
And happy Dreams attend his eaſy Sleep:
Wak'd by the Thruſh to neighbouring Vales he goes,
To mark how ſucks the Bee, how blooms the Roſe;
What latent Juice the trodden Herbage yields,
Wild Nature's Phyſic in the flowery Fields.

With

With Temperance ſooth'd each ſolitary Day,
Free, innocent, and eaſy, ſteals away,
Till Age down-bends him to the friendly Grave,
No Faſhion's Dupe, no powerful Paſſion's Slave.

ODE TO TASTE.

LEAVE not *Britannia*'s Iſle; ſince *Pope* is fled
To meet his *Homer* in *Elyſian* Bowers,
What Bard ſhall dare reſume
His various-ſounding Harp?
Let not reſiſtleſs Dulneſs o'er us ſpread
Deep *Gothic* Night; for lo! the Fiend appears,
To blaſt each blooming Bay
That decks our barren Shores.

Say

Say beauteous Queen of Life-refining Arts,
Who wont to viſit oft at midnight Hour
Sweet *Virgil*'s laurell'd Tomb
On *Naples*' fertile Shore:
Say where thy Dwelling is? or on the Banks
Of ſmooth *Iliſſus*, ſage-inſpiring Stream,
Where *Plato* thought of old,
And hoar *Muſæus* walk'd!
Still doſt thou tread the ſacred Ground where once
Thy Votaries, or ſtrung the golden Lyre,
Or taught the moral Song
Of ſweet Philoſophy?
Or in ſome ruin'd Temple doſt thou dwell
Of ancient *Rome*, deſerted of the World,
Where proſtrate lies in Duſt
The ſhapely Column's Height;

Where thou may'ſt ſtill behold with raptur'd Eye
The beauteous Arts of fair Antiquity
That ſtill can charm the Mind,
Tho' ſmote by Time's rough Hand.
When Man a Savage wander'd in the Woods
(As hoar Tradition tells) in ancient Days,
Wont from the laden Oak
To ſhake his barb'rous Food;
Thy Pow'r reduc'd him from his native Wilds
And to the ſoft Civilities of Life
Subdu'd his ſtubborn Heart;
And taught to raiſe the Dome
Well-archt, to ſtring the Lyre, the breathing Buſt
To form, and guide the Pencil, Heav'n-born Arts
That harmonize the Mind,
And fit for ſocial Joys.

Thee

Thee once thou faireſt Daughter of the Muſe
The *Goth* ſtern-looking bound in cruel Chains,
And gor'd with many a Wound
Thy bleeding Boſom fair,
When pouring o'er *Italia*'s tempting Plains
With Hand profane thy Temples he deform'd,
And all thy beauteous Domes
Hurl'd wildly to the Ground!

STANZAS
ON THE
PSALMS.

I.

NOT the Songs that nobly tell,
How *Troy* was ſackt, and *Rome* began,
Not the Numbers that reveal
The Wars of Heav'n to falling Man;

II.

Can boaſt that true celeſtial Fire,
That equal Strength and Eaſe,
Or with ſuch various Charms conſpire,
To move, to teach, to pleaſe.

III.

III.

Thoſe Complaints how ſadly ſweet,
Which weeping Seraphim repeat;
Thoſe Prayers how happily preferr'd,
Which God himſelf inſpir'd and heard.

IV.

Ye partial Wits no longer boaſt
Of *Pindar*'s Fire in *David*'s loſt!
Who to the *Hebrew* Harp muſt yield,
As *Jove* by great *Jehovah* is excell'd.

AVARO,

A TALE.

FAST by the *Trent* (whoſe Gods this Fable tell)
A Knight in cooly Shades choſe once to dwell;
Secure, in what his proſp'rous Vices gain'd,
Each Morn he vaunting view'd his Length of Land,
His Hills of ſilver Chalk, his Vales of golden Sand.
As on a Time, he loſt his early Hounds
Far from the Muſick of the choral Sounds;
Sudden he views ſome Shepherd's ſtraw-built Cell,
Rich in a Barn, a Hen-rooſt, and a Well;
Then eye's the Swain, as to his Flock he calls,
And whiſtling lures 'em from their hurdl'd Walls;

Obedient

Obedient to the Tune they trot along
And careful ſingle out their plaintive Young;
With ſhorter Trips theſe bound upon the Plain,
Start at the Knight——but play around their Swain.
Their Swain obſerv'd how free they liv'd from Want,
And wiſh'd himſelf from them could learn Content:
In vain: a thouſand Cares promote his Grief,
So, (hailing firſt the Knight) he aſk'd Relief:
In vain; the Knight (tho' hail'd) refus'd to grant,
And thought no Swain would condeſcend to want;
Then told how well the rural Life was known,
The rural Life preferring to his own;
How oft himſelf would range a-down the Hill,
And ſnuff the new-built Hay-cocks ſtrawb'ry Smell,
Well pleas'd to hear their Jeſts the drolling Ruſticks tell.

Nor

Nor leſs would 'tend the Weanlings, when they play,
And how himſelf was once the King of *May*;
Then when the Swain but beg'd his preſent Aid,
Leſt Ills unſeen his wint'ry Age invade,
Courage! (ſaid he) like Stars like Fate aſſign,
Thy Life ſhall ſtill from Want be free as mine.

Unweeting Knight! he mourns his flying Bliſs:
All as *Polycrates* his Fate was his!
For Heav'n averſe rebuk'd ſuch boaſtful Pride,
And where he once the lowly Swain deny'd,
Himſelf (alas the while!) begs now to be ſupply'd!
So hard another's Want will win Belief!
So Pride foretels we ne'er can need Relief!

CUPID acquitted,

A TALE.

WHenever *Jove* renews Mankind,
He makes *A Will* for ev'ry Mind.

This Gift is *different* in *Moſt*,
But *ſeldom* is by Any *loſt*.
Some Folks—(now let who can deny it)
Give all they have to gratify it:
Some, to ſubdue, divide their Wills,
Like Rivers cut in little Rills,
That leſſen to a ſhallow Maze,
And feebly run a Hundred Ways:
The Wizard thus, (in Days of Yore)
That thought to lay th' *Infernal Pow'r*,

In Pieces broke his Magic Switch,
But found A Devil roſe from Each.

Yet Some a Better Courſe purſue.——

—But to my *Tale*;—Muſe! What ſay You?
Why, *That* is plain, and ſhort, and new.

Some Years ago One *Aſtrophil*
Was born and fitted with A *Will*;
No Matter Who he was, or What,
A Will He had;—I'm ſure of *That:*
About that Time fair *Stella* too
(Gods!—Who does not fair *Stella* know?)
Was form'd The Wonder of Her Kind,
And had *Her proper Will* aſſign'd.
Their Wills were ſtamp't ſo like (ſays Fame)
That Both were only Not the Same:

Theſe help'd the *Poets* in their Trade,
Pope's Similies by Theſe were made;
Hence too his Rhimes for ever hit,
Made (by Theſe *Wills*) exactly fit.
In ſhort, for Virtues, or for Follies,
Theſe Wills were *Pairs*, or *Twins*, or *Tallies*.

Well! *Hymen*— (as you gueſs, no doubt,
And you gueſs right) —ſoon found 'em out,
And bound 'em faſt, like two chain'd Books,
And, ever and anon was peeping,
To ſee if Time impair'd their Looks,
Or, if They alter'd, in *His* keeping.
They alter'd Not. But *Love*, one Day,
Convey'd (it ſeems) *One Will* away;
And *Which* was *That*?—Nay!—Who can ſay?

For

For *Love* Himſelf, with All his Art,
Could *not* tell Whoſe was Whoſe a-part.
Now *Hymen*, you muſt think, complain'd,
That, " Tho' *Himſelf Both Wills* had chain'd,
" Yet One—Ah! *Only One* remain'd!—
" That *Stella* now, or *Aſtro-phil*,
" Might come upon him for their *Will:*
" That, therefore *Jove* the Cauſe ſhould hear,
" And pray'd," That *Cupid* might appear.

He Did: And roundly took his Oath
That *Jove* made—*but One Will* for *Both*.
His ſtrange Surprize He then declar'd,
" 'Twas Hard, He needs muſt ſay, 'twas hard,
" That He ſhould be involv'd in Strife,
" He ſeldom troubl'd *Man* and *Wife*.

" And

" And—What *in this* Caſe He might do—
" *They* ne'er would blame him for't he knew;
" And—Why then, *Hymen?* Why ſhould You?
" Still; you ſhall never have your Ends,
" For *This Dear Couple* were my *Friends!*"

With That—He turns to *Swain* and *Spouſe*,
And ſmiles, and leers, and ſooths, and vows,
" For *His* Part He would ſerve 'em ſtill,"
Then aſks 'em (with A *Courtier*'s Skill)
" If ever *Either miſs'd their Will?*"

So, 'Tis *Their* Buſineſs Now to ſpeak,
And pray—What Anſwer ſhall They make?

THREE EPIGRAMS

Tranſlated from the Greek.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE following Pieces are a Pattern of the Simplicity ſo much admir'd in the *Grecian* Writings, ſo foreign to the preſent prevailing Taſte, to the Love of Modern Witticiſm, and *Italian* Conceit.

On a CAVE.

From the Greek *of* Anyta, *a* Leſbian *Poeteſs.*

COME, Traveller, this hollow Rock beneath,
While in the Leaves refreſhing Breezes breath;
Retire, to calm the Rage of burning Thirſt,
In theſe cool Streams that from the Cavern burſt.

An

An Offering to PAN.

From Theocritus.

DAPHNIS the Fair, that with the *Doric* Strains
Of his ſweet Pipe could charm the liſtening Swains,
Theſe Emblems of his Office and his Art,
To PAN preſents, a Crook and barbed Dart,
A Stag's rough Hide, and with this Paſtoral Pipe,
That bore his ruſtic Food, a Leathern Scrip.

To DAPHNIS *ſleeping.*

From Theocritus.

WHILE you, my DAPHNIS, on the leafy Bed,
To Slumber ſweet recline your weary Head,
While on each Hill is plac'd the frequent Net,
Thee wanton PAN purſues with eager Feet:
With him SYLVANUS, crown'd with Ivy pale,
Thy cooling Cavern ſeeks o'er Hill and Dale.
O fly; prevent their rude reſiſtleſs Hands,
And burſt ambroſial Slumber's magic Bands.

A

PASTORAL

On the Death of BION.

From the Greek *of* Moschus.

YE Vales, and *Doric* Floods, or Fount, or Rill,
Lament with me the much lov'd *Bion* dead;
Ye Foreſts pour your Plaints, ye Flourets mourn;
Utter, ye Hyacinths, the baleful Words
That on your velvet Bells inſcrib'd are ſeen;
Be clad, ye Roſes, in ſad Purple's Robe;
Dead is the Pride of Swains, and rural Song.
Begin, *Sicilian* Muſe, the plaintive Lay.

Ye Poplar-ſhrouded Nightingales that oft
In midnight Hour complain, the dreary Tale

To liſtening *Arethuſa*'s Waves prolong,

And that with him each *Doric* Muſe is fled.

Begin, *&c.*

Ye Swans that warble ſweet on *Stryman*'s Bank

Come, ſteep in bitter Tears your ſorrowing Song,

And tell in Notes like his th' *Ægrian* Maids,

And *Bacchus*' Nymphs that haunt *Biſtonian* Hills,

That *Doria*'s Vales their *Orpheus* dear have loſt!

Begin, *&c.*

No more the lovely Shepherd ſooths his Herd

With ſoft-voic'd Flute, beneath ſome ample Oak

At Eaſe reclin'd: But in black *Pluto*'s Bow'r

Pours forth to griſly Ghoſts *Lethëan* Lays,

While here above each Mountain ſilent ſtands,

And

And his deſerted Herds in Mutt'rings hoarſe,
And ſullen Lowings moan, nor deign to feed.

Begin, &c.

Thy cruel Fate, dear Swain, *Apollo* wept,
Thee too *Priapus* Sable-mantled mourn'd;
And *Pan* ſurrounded with his Satyr-train
Sigh'd ſore, nor joy'd to lead the merry Dance;
Wept the mild *Naiads* in their coral Caves;
Nor Echo more from her far-winding Grot
Is heard to ſing, ſince now no more thy Verſe,
And wonted tuneful Notes ſhe can prolong.

Begin, &c.

At thy ſad Death the ſympathizing Trees,
Dropt their half-ripen'd Fruits, and fading Flowers,

Hung down their blaſted Blooms; the pining Flocks

Refus'd the milky Stream, nor more the Bee

With Thyme enrich'd his Nectar-ſtreaming Cell.

Begin, &c.

The Dolphin ne'er upon the ſunny Shore

Made ſuch deep Plaints, or in the rocky Wilds

Did *Philomel* e'er tune ſo ſad a Dirge,

Nor Mountain-loving Swallow ſuch ſad Notes

Was heard to pour, or with ſuch heart-felt Woe

Cëyx deplor'd her dead *Halcyone*,

Nor *Cerylas* in the *Cærulean* Deep

Sorrow'd ſo deep, or in th' *Eöan* Vale

The Bird of *Memnon*, fair *Aurora*'s Son,

As when they wept their beſt-lov'd *Bion*'s Fate.

Begin, *&c.*

Ye Nightingales, and Swallows ſwift, that oft
Have heard delighted his heart-thrilling Lays,
Whom ſeated in your leafy Groves he wont
To teach ſweet Notes, reſponſive now repeat
The Voice of Woe, re-echoing thro' the Vale,
Join too ye Doves your ſadly-pleaſing Lays,

Begin, *&c.*

Who now, for ever dear, will tune thy Pipe?
Who to their Lip apply thy ſacred Reed
Advent'rous? But to *Pan* the precious Gift
I'll bear, nor haply will he dare inſpire
Thy Reed, leſt thee ſuperior he ſhould prove.

Begin, *&c.*

Thy

Thy Loſs the green-hair'd *Galathëa* mourns,
Who lov'd with thee upon the ſea-beat Shore,
To ſit enraptur'd with thy magic Verſe.
For ſweeter far than *Polypheme*'s thy Lay
Flow'd thro' her Ear; ſhe fled the Cyclop-ſwain;
But ever to thy Song ſhe haſten'd ſwift,
With dimply Cheek, and Looks of fond Deſire.
No more ſhe now regards old *Nereus*' Bow'rs,
But on the bare Sand ſits, and tends thy Flock.
Begin, *&c.*

With thee the Muſe's choiceſt Joys are fled,
No more the Virgin's luſcious Kiſs delights;
Quench'd is the Lamp of Love, and at thy Tomb
The weeping *Cupids* ſprinkle freſheſt Flow'rs;
To *Venus* wert thou ſweeter, gentleſt Swain,

Than

Than the laſt Kiſs which on the clay-cold Lip
Of her *Adonis* dead the Goddeſs preſt.
Come, *Melas*, hither turn thy ſedge-crown'd Head,
Renew thy wonted Voice of baleful Woe;
That erſt around thy ſadden'd Banks was heard,
And echoing fill'd blue *Neptune*'s diſtant Shores;
When cruel Fate thy firſt-born *Homer* ſnatch'd,
Whoſe Mouth *Calliope* with Nectar dew'd.
But now thy ſecond Son demands thy Grief;
Each lov'd two fav'rite Founts. To *Homer* dear
Was *Pindus'* ſpringing Well, while *Bion* drank
The Waves of *Arethuſe*. This ſung the Charms
Of beauteous *Helen*, ſtrife-exciting Fair,
And the dire Wrath of *Thetis'* ſea-born Son;
While This neglected War's reſounding Trump;
Well cou'd he ſing the woodland Wanderer *Pan*;

Skill'd

Skill'd was his Hand to form the ruſtic Flute;
Nor ſeldom would he milk the ſhaggy Goat,
Or Heifer breathing Sweets. Meantime he ſung
How ſoft the Kiſs of tender-blooming Boys;
While in his Boſom *Cupid* wont to ſleep,
And *Venus* joy'd to hear his Lays divine.
Begin, &c.

Each towred City, *Bion*, thee deplores,
More heart-felt Plaints o'er *Aſcra*'s Hills reſound
Than when Her *Heſiod* died. *Bœotia*'s Shades
Forget their *Pindar*, and the *Lesbian* Streets
Alcæus dead, and all thy Death lament
In ſympathizing Grief; while *Paros* deigns
With louder Woe to greet thy cypreſs'd Hearſe,
Than when *Archilochus*' ſweet Tongue was ſtopt

By cruel Fate; and *Mytilene* forgets
Her beauteous *Sappho*'s wonted Lays for thine.
* * * * * * * * * *Quædam deſunt.*
In *Teios*' ſoft *Anacreon* bears the Palm,
Theocritus in *Syracuſe* is fam'd,
My mournful Muſe delights *Auſonian* Swains,
Nor to the *Sylvan* Lay diſdains to ſtoop;
Which eager from thy tuneful Mouth ſhe caught,
Oft raptur'd with the Sound. The ſhining Stores
Let others, narrow-ſoul'd poſſeſs, while I
Thy Lays inherit, and thy *Doric* Art.
Begin, *&c.*

Tho' nipt by Winter's Blaſt the Mallow fades,
And twining Parſley, Pride of Gardens, feels
Th' untimely Froſt; yet each with Verdure freſh

Renew

Renew their Bloom, and with the Spring return.
But Man, tho' Strength and Wiſdom ſtamp him Great,
When once the beaming Lamp of Life is ſpent,
To Caves of Darkneſs, ſubterranean Glooms,
Immers'd, in Sleep's eternal Shackles lies
Faſt bound, no more to tread the Walks of Men.
Thou too to Realms of ſilent Night art gone,
While here above mean Bards uſurp thy Reign,
Whoſe Brows the Muſe's Laurel never bound.
Begin, &c.

* O ruthleſs Hand that to thy Lips apply'd
The poiſonous Cup, and baleful Draught of Death!
How cou'd the baleful Drugs approach thy Lips,

* He was poiſon'd.

Nor

Nor ſtill preſerve its native noxious Gall
Unblended with the Nectar of thy Mouth?
How could the Felon drear that mix'd the Bowl
Eſcape the Magic of thy tuneful Strains?
Begin, &c.

On each the Fates adjuſt the Share of Pain,
And each receives his portion'd Lot of Grief.
O that like *Orpheus* I cou'd tread the Shades,
Or great *Ulyſſes*, or brave *Hercules*,
Then wou'd theſe Eyes behold th' infernal Pow'rs
Melt at thy Song, and *Pluto*, grifly King,
To Softneſs ſooth'd, and murm'ring hoarſe Applauſe.
But chief to *Hecate* thy ſweet Song addreſs,
And let her hear thy wonted *Doric* Songs,
For ſhe of Yore the Vales of *Ætna* lov'd.

Haply

Haply deceiv'd by the mellifluous Sound,
She may return thee to thy deſert Seats:
I too, my Friend, if this rude Lip was ſkill'd
In Muſic's Charms, or knew to ſing like thee,
Would to the Ways of darkſome *Dis* deſcend,
And from dun Night redeem thy ſacred Shade.

A

PARAPHRASE

On the XIIIth *Chap. of* ISAIAH.

HIGH on the loftieſt Mountain-tops, unfurl
The Standard of Omnipotence, emblaz'd
With Pictures of Deſtruction: Loudly call
To Arms the ſtarting Nations: Rouze, O Earth,
To fight my Battles, to deſtroy the Pride,
To cruſh the Head of barbarous *Babylon*.
Ye choſen Armies come! ye Inſtruments
Of Vengeance from remoteſt Regions haſt!
Hark! how the Mountains eccho with the Sounds
Of trampling Hoſts, of loudly-neighing Steeds,
Of bounding Chariot-wheels, that pour amain

Down the ſteep Valley, like the deaf'ning Roar
Of ruſhing Torrents, or the threat'ning Voice
Of mighty Thund'rings, heard from Heav'n remote.
Howl, thou devoted City, for the Lord
Sends his deſtroying Angels forth——a God
Becomes thy Foe, thy deep Diſtreſs ſhall be
Unequal'd and ſupreme! thy Warriors' Hearts
Shall melt within their Breaſts, their feeble Hands
Shall quivering drop the uſeleſs Spear and Shield.
Aſtoniſhment, and Anguiſh, Sorrow, Fear,
Shall chain their Faculties and Souls, as Pains
Soul-piercing Pains the pregnant Mother ſeize.
The dread *Jehovah* comes——before him march
Anger and *Vengeance*: The polluted Land
Shall deſolated mourn, and far away
His red Right Hand ſhall ſhrieking Sinners ſweep.

Then ſhall the Stars of Heav'n, the glittering Gems
Of awful Night's dark Robe, the pale-ey'd Moon,
The weary Pilgrim's Friend, and the great Sun,
Who from the cryſtal Portals of the Eaſt
Walks forth with tenfold Brightneſs cloth'd, and pours
Intolerable Day, all darken'd droop.
Earth from her Orbit ſhall aſtoniſht leap,
Heav'n rock and tremble to the Throne of God.
As the chas'd Doe to pathleſs Thickets runs,
Trembling at every Breeze, and thinks ſhe hears
The ſhouting Hunter, ſo ſhall *Babel* fly,
As a ſtray Lamb on deſert Mountains loſt.
Th' avenging *Medes* unmov'd ſhall hear the Cries
Of raviſht Wives and Virgins, from the Breaſts
Of ſhrieking Mothers ſnatch the ſucking Babe,

Smiling in its Deſtroyer's Face, and daſh
Againſt the pointed Flints its mangled Bones.
The Queen of Kingdoms, the *Chaldeans* Pride,
The Glory of the Earth, great *Babel* falls,
Like burning *Sodom* in Deſtruction wrapt.
From Age to Age ſhall Deſolation reign,
And Solitude thro' thy deſerted Streets.
Then ſhall no wand'ring *Arab* pitch his Tent,
Freſh Paſture ſearching, nor the Shepherd drive
His Flock at Eve beneath thy Ruins hoar
To ſhelter; in thy widow'd Palaces
Magnific mould'ring Domes, the Deſert's Sons
Wild Beaſts ſhall lodge; the ſpotted Panther breed
In thy King's Chambers, here the Oſtrich cry,
And the young Leopard ſport, with Song and Dance
And Harp, where eccho'd once thy feaſtful Halls.

THE

THE REGAL DREAM. 1715.

The ARGUMENT.

That which gave Occaſion to the Regal Dream *is a famous Tradition mention'd in the Hiſtory of* Henry VII. *by which we are told, that He ſent to enquire after his Succeſſors from a celebrated Prophet or Necromancer, who for his Anſwer return'd him this remarkable* Latin *Verſe:*

Mars, Puer, Alecto, Virgo, Vulpes, Leo, Nullus.

Theſe Emblems the Author of the following Viſion thought fit to alter in ſome meaſure, and to add another Line; the Whole ſtanding thus:

Fur, Puer, Alecto, Virgo, Vulpes, Pelicanus,

Et Caper, & Cervus, brevis & Flos, dia Columba.

'TWAS on the Day that *Boſworth* Field was won;
And *Glo'ſter* fell, and *Richmond* wore the Crown,
When as I ſat revolving in my Mind,
The Chiefs deſcended from two Houſes join'd,
A balmy Slumber with a ſweet Surprize,
Stole ſoft and ſilent o'er my yielding Eyes;
Fancy, officious every Part to act,
Or Nature's Landſcapes, or hiſtoric Fact,
A Bower had built profuſely gay and bright,
With all the Beauty that can take the Sight,
Not more enchanting that *Elyſian* Place
Where good *Æneas* ſaw the *Julian* Race,
An Area ſoon with myſtic Signs was ſpread,
Diverſified with Roſes White and Red;

Thither

Thither a *Sybil* call'd me from the Throng
To mark the various Figures move along:
My awe-ſtruck Memory never ſhall forget
Their Forms, their Names, their Numbers, and their State.

A Robber firſt, with holy Plunder fraught,
Whoſe leſſ'ning Bags were Gold, were Duſt, were Nought.

A Youth came next, who charm'd with ev'ry Grace,
As Angels good, and O as ſwift his Pace.

A Fury then, with more diſorder'd Haſte,
Paſt by, and dealt Deſtruction as ſhe paſt.
Her ruffled Garments dropt with Martyr's Gore,
And in her Hand a flaming Torch ſhe bore.

Not ſo the heavenly Maid who next aroſe,
Admir'd by all, tho' terrible to Foes;
Whoſe Aim was nobler, and whoſe Speed was leſs,
Who roſe to triumph, and who ſtay'd to bleſs;
A Phœnix ſhe, that peerleſs liv'd and dy'd,
Nor left a Race that her great Loſs ſupply'd.

Yet came there to fulfil her laſt Command,
The wiſeſt Animal of Nature's Hand,
A tame, a peaceful, tho' a wily Fox,
Who never ſlew, but only fleec'd the Flocks.

Soon as he earth'd a Pelican aroſe,
By Friends deſerted, and purſu'd by Foes;
In Both his brave Contempt of Life was ſhewn,
Who for the Good of Others gave his Own.

Here all methought was Dark! at length appear
A Goat laſcivious, and a hunted Deer.

The *Sybil* paus'd—and her ſage Art to prove,
Declar'd that Theſe would different Paſſions move,
Our uſeleſs Pity One, and One our laſting Love.

Now roſe a ſweet Carnation's ſilken Flow'r,
Fruitleſs, yet fair, the Beauty of an Hour,
For poiſonous *Eurus* came——its bloomy Pride,
That unexpected roſe, as quickly dy'd.

Next ſeem'd to dart from Heaven, a ſpotleſs Dove,
Who dropt an Olive-Branch, the Type of Love;
Then all too ſudden flew amid the Spheres,
And ſhone a Star upon the World in Tears.

The

The Viſionary Crowd that gaz'd below
All wept in Dream, and gave a Looſe to Woe;
Britannia's ſelf abandon'd to Deſpair,
Her azure Mantle tore, and ſea-green Hair:
Deep Sorrow wak'd me from th' unfiniſht Scene,
Eternally to mourn a matchleſs Queen.

A

FAREWELL *to* POETRY.

Nunc itaque & Verſus & cætera Ludicra pono,
Quod Verum atque Decens curo & rogo & omnis in hôc ſum. HOR.

ARcadian Scenes adieu! in *Cyrrha*'s Vale
No more I wander, where with looſe-rob'd Nymphs
Pan and *Sylvanus* play'd, while on their Heads
The laughing *Hours* rain'd Roſes; while to guide
Their nimble Feet great *Phœbus* came and touch'd,
His ſoul-bewitching Lyre: No more I ſit
On murmuring *Aganippe*'s moſſy Brink
And wait inſpiring Dreams; nor Garlands weave
Of ſweet *Parnaſſian* Flowers for *Clio*'s Head;

Nor ſeek the ſolemn Grott where *Homer* firſt
Conceiv'd his mighty Scheme; from whence to catch
One Beam ſwift-darted from his boundleſs Mind.
My ſerious Soul theſe Woods and Walks diſdains
Where my Youth rov'd: A loftier Taſk demands
My ſober Hours, (that on ſwift Pinions haſt
To meet Eternity) to purge my Breaſt
From Error's Poiſons; equally to poiſe
The jarring Paſſions; to ſubdue the Thirſt
Of Fame and fond Ambition; to deſtroy
The bitter Seeds of Envy:——Not to ſmooth
The tuneful Cadence of a poliſht Line,
But harmonize my Soul; whence I may hear,
With Raptures hear, the Moral Melody,
A peaceful Conſcience yields, beyond the Strains
Of *Attic* Harp, ſweet as the Midnight Song

Of warbling Seraphs, winged Warriors bright,
To happy, watchful Shepherds, on the Birth
Of great Meſſiah!——Theſe be now my Cares,
To leave the Muſe for Virtue; to improve
The Heart, not deck the Head with fading Crown
Of uſeleſs Bays; but chief my Soul to ſteel
With adamantine Honour, to withſtand
Corruption's Tides, while courtly Millions run
To the black Pagod of all-worſhip'd *Vice*
To offer Freedom, Conſcience, Body, Soul:
To be tho' ſingle, conſtant; and to feel
The Bliſs of Independence;—theſe are Toils
Worthy a Man and *Briton*.——Who can ſearch
For tinkling Rhymes, when frowning *Virtue* points
To ſwift-wing'd Time?—At Cloſe of Evening cool
What haſty Pilgrim, who long, pathleſs Wilds

Muſt traverſe e'er black Night deſcend, would ſtop
And ſit beneath the branching Beech to hear
The ſweet Songs of thick-warbling *Philomel*,
Tho' ev'ry moving Trill be ſteep'd in Tears.

ODE

ON THE DEATH *of the* AUTHOR.

By a LADY.

I.

ACCEPT, O ſacred Shade, this artleſs Verſe,
And kindly, O ye mourning Friends, for-
bear,
To dear diſdaining from his decent Herſe,
All I can give except the tender Tear:
He muſt not lie in his cold Grave, among
Poor ſhrieking Ghoſts, unprais'd, unwept, unſung.

II.

II.

Ah! where was I when fiercely-frowning Death,
With brandiſht Dart ſtood at ſtill Midnight nigh,
Why came I not to catch thy dying Breath,
And cloſe with trembling Hand thy languid Eye?
And on my ſad Breaſt lay thy drooping Head,
And bath with Tears thy Hand ſo cold and dead?

III.

Thee do I view in yonder flying Cloud,
Or do I hear thee in the hollow Wind,
Or doſt thou ſtill ſleep in thy ſable Shroud,
Where the dread Judgment-Trumpet Thee ſhall find:
O till that Day, ye pitying Angels come,
Shield with your Wings, and ſing around his Tomb.

IV.

IV.

But if advanc'd to Heav'n's empyreal Height,
Above with glorious martyr'd Saints to live,
'Midst heav'nly Hymns, and Harps, and Visions bright,
And all the Joys a smiling God can give;
O be my watchful Guardian Angel still,
Save me from slavish Vice, from Folly, and from Ill.

J. W.

ODE
ON THE
DEATH *of the* AUTHOR.

NO more of Mirth and rural Joys,
The gay Deſcription quickly cloys,
In melting Numbers, ſadly flow,
I tune my alter'd Strings to Woe;
Attend, *Melpomene*, and with thee bring
Thy tragic Lute, *Euphranor*'s Death to ſing.

Fond wilt thou be his Name to praiſe,
For oft' thou heard'ſt his ſkilful Lays;
Iſis for him ſoft Tears has ſhed,
She plac'd her Ivy on his Head;

Choſe him, ſtrict Judge, to rule with ſteady Reins,
The vigorous Fancies of her liſtening Swains.

With Genius, Wit, and Science bleſt,
Unſhaken Honour arm'd his Breaſt,
Bade him, with virtuous Courage wiſe,
Malignant *Fortune*'s Darts deſpiſe;
Him, ev'n black *Envy*'s venom'd Tongues commend,
As Scholar, Paſtor, Huſband, Father, Friend.

—— For ever ſacred, ever dear,
O much-lov'd Shade accept this Tear;
Each Night indulging pious Woe,
Freſh Roſes on thy Tomb I ſtrew,
And wiſh for tender *Spenſer*'s moving Verſe,

Warbled in broken Sobs o'er *Sydney*'s Herſe;

Let

Let me to that deep Cave reſort,
Where *Sorrow* keeps her ſilent Court,
For ever wringing her pale Hands,
While dumb *Misfortune* near her ſtands,
With downcaſt Eyes the *Cares* around her wait,
And *Pity* ſobbing ſits before the Gate.

Thus ſtretch'd upon his Grave I ſung,
When ſtrait my Ears with Murmur rung,
A diſtant, deaf, and hollow Sound
Was heard in ſolemn Whiſpers round ——

" Enough, dear Youth!——tho' wrapt in Bliſs above,
" Well-pleas'd I liſten to thy Lays of Love."

Jos. WARTON.

F I N I S.

Errors of the Preſs.

PAGE 15. Line 7. *for* ſtedfaſt Thought, *read* ſolemn Thought. P. 41. l. 1. *f.* twiſting, *r.* burſting. P. 54. l. 8. *f.* & Vatem, *r.* ad Vatem. Ibid. l. 11. *f.* novus, *r.* novas. P. 55. l. 8. *f.* fructæ, *r.* fractæ. P. 56. l. 4. *f.* Libertus, *r.* Libertas. P. 81. l. 1. *f.* then, *r.* there.